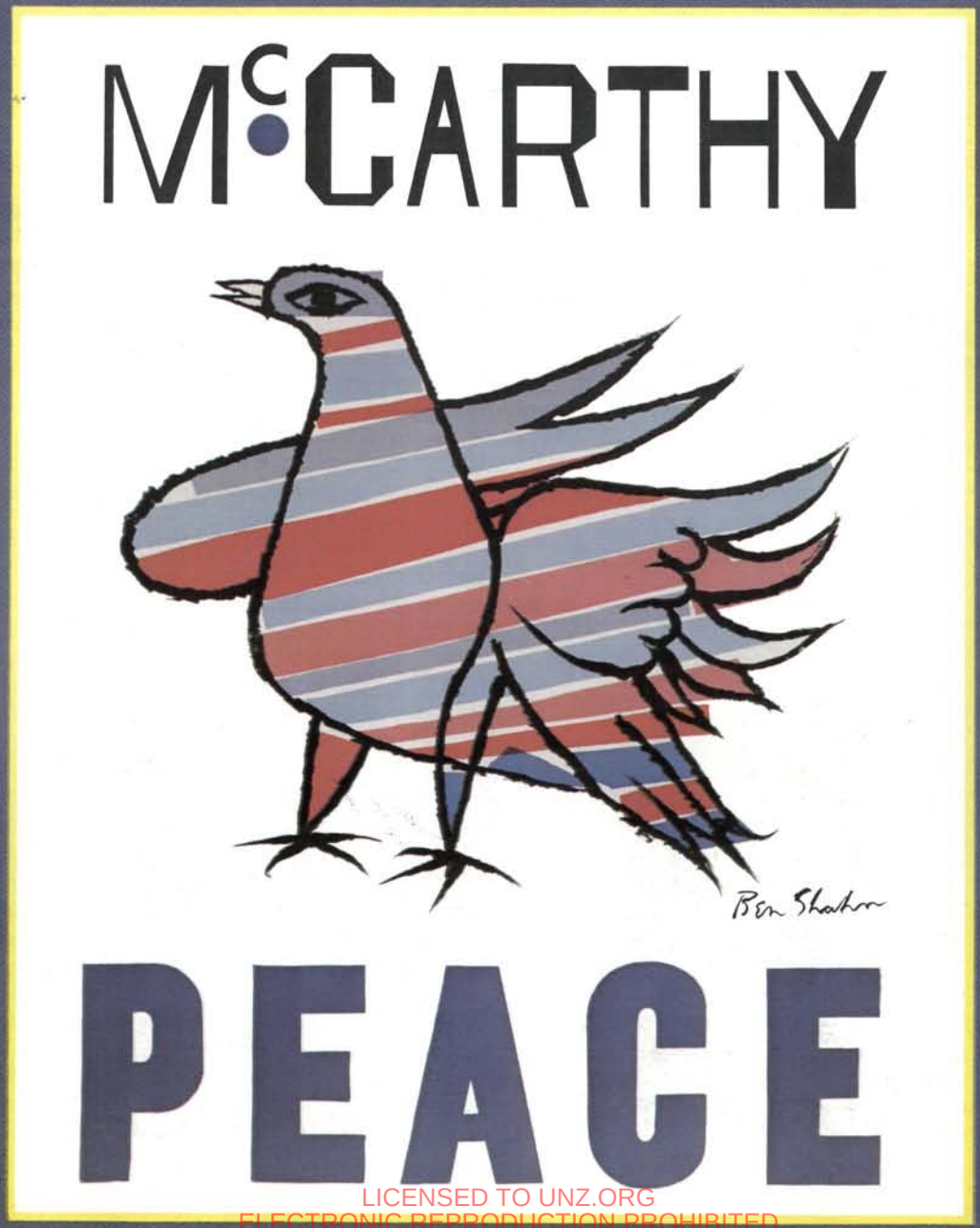
Betty Friedan from the Women's Conference • GOP: Groggy Old Party
Carter's National Health Plans • Stanley Kauffmann's Epiphany

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 10, 1977 Price 75 cents

Ten Years Later



ER NEWSPAPER
NR RTS
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO
44017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

Soft Cotton Corduroy
Rugged Double-Seated
Swiss Alpine Slacks $44

Our unique, supremely comfortable Swiss Alpine style trousers of soft, pure cotton corduroy features a rugged double seat for extra long wear. Ideal for hiking, climbing, work or travel. Our fully cut, classic straight leg belt loop model in handsome British Tan shade. Waist sizes 30 to 44; specify inseam length.

☐ *Please send catalogue*

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd. 011128
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Slacks (86102): Size____Inseam____Qty____
Check ☐ Chg: M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐
Card #_____ Expir.____
Add $2 Ship. & Hdlg; Cal. Deliv. Add Sales Tax
Name_____
Address_____
_____ Zip____

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

TRB

from Washington ®
December 10, 1977

When Isolationism Died

It's a Sunday like any other. Going on Christmas. Brown packages hidden in closets. Outside brisk and snappy. Children go to Sunday School. Newspaper jammed with advertisements. All about the new upsweep hairdo. Wanamakers advertised white shirts at two dollars (regular two-fifty and three-dollar values—better come early). Morning news pretty good: Russians counter-attacking around Moscow; maybe they'll hold out after all. After lunch the telephone rings. And it's never, ever, the same again. . .

"Hey, heard the news? The Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor!"
"No! You're crazy. Hey, Ernestine. . ."

Everybody of my era knows where they heard the news, December 7, 1941. Try us out. That's what separates generations. The stadium was crowded to watch the Redskins and at the half the loudspeaker began to blare. Will Lieutenant General Smith call his office? There's a telephone call for Commander Russell! It went on and on. Veteran *New York Times* photographer George Tames wondered what was up; called his office; got the news. He went to the Japanese Embassy; iron gates barred; a gray white smoke rising from burning papers in the rear. There was a two-way traffic jam on Massachusetts Avenue of cars gawking at the embassy.

It's an anniversary to remember not because a war started but because a madness ended—isolationism. I have a personal feeling because I was one of the gawky boys who volunteered in Mr. Wilson's dream to make the world safe for democracy. We won; there was the exhilaration of the Armistice, and then the Lodge fight against the League. Wilson forlornly asked the nation to remember the "dear ghosts" of boys left on Flanders Fields. There was a majority, never a two-thirds majority, for the League. Soon the whole crusade was derided. The Nye committee showed it was all a plot by munitions makers.

Senate isolationists defeated the World Court, too. Again there was a majority, 52 to 36, but this was seven short of two-thirds. Borah and Johnson left the Senate chamber laughing and rejoicing.

Isolationism came down through the start of World War II. It weakened when England fought alone and when Hitler madly attacked his surprised partner Stalin. But Colonel Lindbergh wrote an open letter to Americans through *Collier's*: France was defeated, he said; Great Britain was being defeated; the US would be defeated too, if it joined the fray. No distinction between Hitler's and Churchill's moral aims.

On Thursday, December 4, three days before Pearl Harbor, the isolationist *Chicago Tribune* and *Washington Times-Herald* published a top-secret US position paper laying out logistic and supply plans for an imagined invasion of Germany with five million Americans in 1943. It was the kind of thing all war offices prepare, but the newspapers charged it showed a Roosevelt plot.

And so the day of trial came, 36 years ago. Most of it still is quite incredible.

It is incredible because we had broken the Japanese code and never should have let the surprise occur. A little Army officer who was a demon at cryptography had unscrambled the imperial code under "Operation Magic" and was giving the Army, Navy and State Departments translations of Tokyo war orders before the Japanese troops got them. We knew an attack was coming. Where, we didn't know. We knew that Japan had sent a so-called "peace" emissary to Washington to fool us and mask the surprise, and we played along with it: it was a double game of make-believe. We had warned Army and Navy commanders November 24 of a probable attack; we had sent a more urgent warning November 27. But mental blockage is more powerful than reality; the attack would be on Malaya, Dutch East Indies, Philippines, Guam—not Hawaii.

Then the following funny mishaps occurred. Tokyo dispatched a 14-part message to the Japanese embassy in Washington December 6 of which the first 13 parts were decoded for the State Department before the Japs got them. "This means war," FDR said solemnly to Harry Hopkins as he ate dinner from a tray. There might still be hope in the 14th section, however. Oddly enough the Japanese transmitters called it a day

(continued on page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1977-78, you'll rarely attend a concert that's not attended by a Steinway.

(Steinway)	(Other)	
8	2	Atlanta Symphony Orchestra
5	1	Baltimore Symphony Orchestra
4	0	Boston Symphony Orchestra
7	0	Chicago Symphony Orchestra
8	2	Cincinnati Symphony
8	0	Cleveland Orchestra
5	0	Dallas Symphony Orchestra
6	1	Denver Symphony Orchestra
11	1	Detroit Symphony Orchestra
3	1	Florida Symphony Orchestra
4	0	Fresno Philharmonic Orchestra
3	1	Hartford Symphony Orchestra
9	0	Houston Symphony
6	0	Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra
9	0	Los Angeles Philharmonic Association
4	0	The Minnesota Orchestra
2	0	Nashville Symphony
6	0	New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra
11	0	New York Philharmonic
2	1	Omaha Symphony Association
4	0	Oregon Symphony Orchestra
7	1	The Philadelphia Orchestra
10	0	Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra
8	1	St. Louis Symphony
4	0	San Antonio Symphony
7	0	San Francisco Symphony Orchestra
3	0	Seattle Symphony Orchestra
1	0	Spokane Symphony Society
3	0	Utah Symphony
5	1	National Symphony Orchestra, Washington, D.C.

(Piano choice of soloists scheduled to perform during the 1977-78 season.)

Steinway & Sons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 177, No. 24, Issue 3283, December 10, 1977. Published weekly (except the issues of January 8, July 16, August 13, August 27, December 31) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, 75¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students $14.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1977 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: Eugene McCarthy campaign poster by Ben Shahn. With thanks to Judith Barry-Smith and the McCarthy Historical Project, Georgetown University Library.

Contents

TRB from Washington 2 **When Isolationism Died**

Comment 5 **The McCarthy Decade**
The Right to Smoke
7 **Correspondence**

Peter Peckarsky 9 **Flaherty's Promise**

Eliot Marshall 10 **Carter's Health Plans**

Ken Bode 12 **The Sorry State of the GOP**

Betty Friedan 15 **The Women at Houston**

Stanley Kauffmann 20 **Films**

John Canaday 22 **Art**

James Lardner 24 **Television**

Books Considered

James Sloan Allen 26 **Wit's End by James R. Gaines**

Paul Robinson 27 **Literature as Opera by Gary Schmidgall**

Robert J. Myers 29 **The Annotated Frankenstein by Mary Shelley**

Robert Hassenger 31 **The People Shapers by Vance Packard**

Henry McDonald 32 **The Puritan Way of Death by David E. Stannard**

Catherine O'Neill 34 **Brief Reviews**

Roger Rosenblatt 36 **The Back of the Book: It's the Thought**

Washington Diarist 42 **Just for You, Barbara**

L.L.Bean tm

Outdoor Sporting Specialties

Pile Lined Gloves
(For Men and Women)

Leather is strong and supple sueded deerskin. Fully lined with warm, soft "Nu-Lamb" acrylic pile. A good looking and comfortably fitting glove for cold weather driving and casual wear. Color, Natural. Women's sizes: Small, Medium and Large. Women's Pile Lined Gloves, $11.75 ppd. Men's sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. Men's Pile Lined Gloves, $12.25 ppd.

Please Ship Postpaid
_____Women's Pile Lined Gloves @ $11.75
Size _____
_____Men's Pile Lined Gloves @ $12.25
Size _____
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express

Card Number _____
☐ SEND FREE CATALOG Expiration Date
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

L.L. Bean, Inc.
874 Casco St. Freeport, Me. 04033

The Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Roger Rosenblatt*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editors—*John Osborne, Eliot Marshall*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Assistant Editor—*Philip Terzian*
Art Director—*Grace B. Paine*
Literary Assistant—*Catherine O'Neill*
Arts Assistant—*Constance Bond*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*Donna J. Melson*
Feature Syndicate Director—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
Director of Advertising—*Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494*
Assistant Advertising Manager—*Deborah Striner*
Classified Advertising—*Barbara Truitt*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Production Assistant—*Barbara Ledeen*
Editorial Assistant—*George deB. Bell, Jr.*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

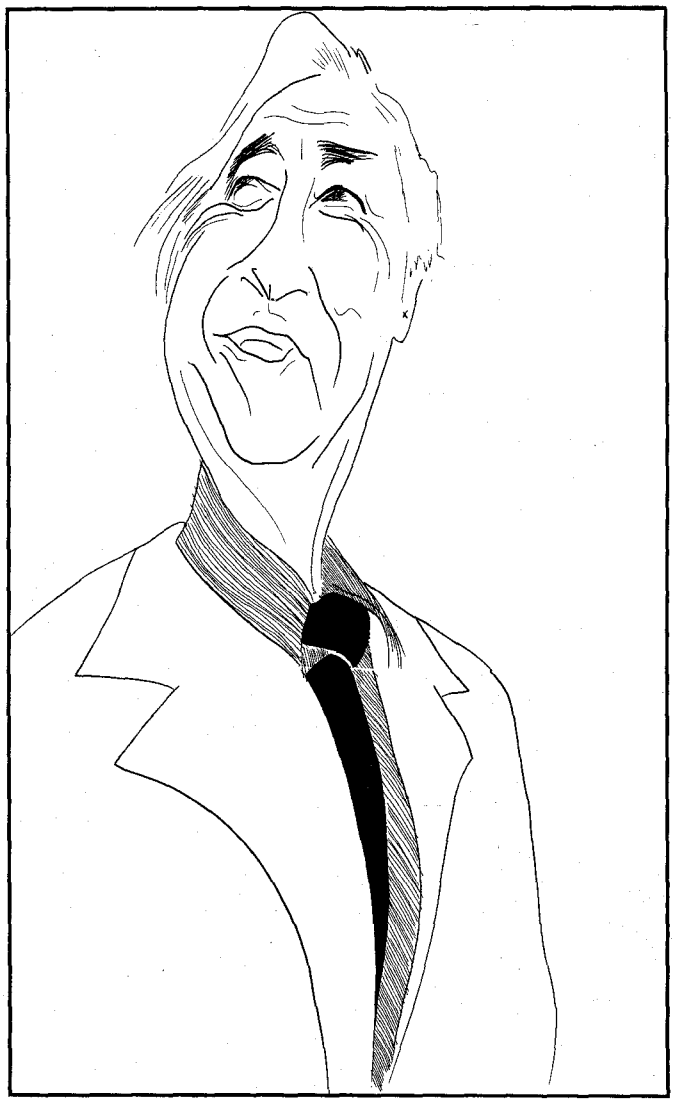
THE NEW REPUBLIC
December 10, 1977

The McCarthy Decade

It was said of Adlai Stevenson in 1960: "He has stood off the guerrilla attacks of his enemies and the sniping attacks of those who should have been his friends." The speaker was Eugene McCarthy and the words can be applied also to him—a prophet without honor in his own party. Ten years ago this month, at a Chicago conference of anti-war Democrats, McCarthy launched and launched himself into the effort Robert Lowell defined as a battle against "so little faith that anyone ever makes anything better." This conscientiously rash act of challenging a sitting President was not for McCarthy a smart wager on his own destiny. The odds were clear all the time. When Robert Kennedy declined to go—and the more so when he changed his mind—it was not mere evidence but proof. After the symbolic victory in New Hampshire, the victory over LBJ's forfeit in Massachusetts, the stunning victories in Wisconsin and Oregon, the awful murder in California, the same. And despite the fact that the polls said he'd be the strongest nominee against any Republican, it always seemed more likely than not that McCarthy would turn out the loser, at best to be accorded the accolades due an heroic fool.

Those little blue and white McCarthy daisies of our youth and earlier middle age have disappeared, less from the erosion of sentiment and sentimentality than as a result of the planned obsolescence of automobiles. But with memory and resentment by now quite remote, on this anniversary it probably would not be hard to get even McCarthy's adversaries to concede that he changed the landscape of American politics. The McCarthy campaign seeded the political system with men and women schooled in dissent. Though many of them have long since accommodated themselves to the worst rules of the game—cant, diversion, evasion—they retain a streak of unpredictable idealism. That, at least, makes them harder to please and keeps the powers uncertain of their cooperative silence. This is true, of course, not only of actual McCarthy veterans but of many other younger folk who made their way to politics through various activities that emerged in the wake or shadow of the McCarthy campaign, sharing its open and refreshing ethos.

To recall the issues of the McCarthy campaign is to realize how far we have come since that cold New England winter of 1967-68. Therein also lies a paradox.



Eugene McCarthy by András Goldinger

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the real command posts of the nation are not at all occupied by former outsiders. As McCarthy wrote in one of those poems that drove his detractors bananas,

stubbornness and penicillin hold
the aged above me.

And their lieutenants continue to inherit as though the certitudes of primogeniture still hold. So the changes of the past decade reflect the newly freed convictions of the people altering the received wisdom of entrenched elders.

The most obvious postscript to the McCarthy campaign was the ending of the Vietnam war. In defeat, he and his cohort established a consensus on the need to end that war. What they did not succeed in doing, not even in the Democratic party, was to effect an understanding of how the war might most justly and expeditiously be ended. As it is, the death and suffering dragged on through more than six years of Republican ministrations while the opposition party finally deserted the war it had created in a way that just about guaranteed the brutal peace that accompanies defeat.

In contrast to those who proposed peremptory deadlines on which the war would terminate, McCarthy insisted, when it was still possible, that the correct, albeit hazardous aim was to seek a coalition government among the warring parties in South Vietnam. What horrors might have been averted, before 1975 and after, if the savvy politicians and pundits had not disdained the complicated arguments for a genuine political settlement in favor of the simplistic ones for any way out of Indochina. This is not historical self-indulgence or nitpicking. The distinction addresses itself not only to the particular issue of Vietnam, but beyond, to the conduct of politics itself.

What McCarthy brought to the national scene was his sense of measure expressed in a vernacular that is both taut and graceful. That is what engaged so many of his enthusiasts: enthusiasts for an ethical politics that knew its limits. But this enraged those who wanted politics to be magic, curing, consoling, inspiring, solving, dissolving. Again McCarthy was himself true to the image he had projected of Stevenson: "We need the virtues of tolerance . . . of forebearance . . . of patience and understanding." Thus, it is not surprising that in the postwar revulsion against Vietnam, McCarthy did not join the chorus chanting for an indiscriminate reduction of American commitments and freely rendered obligations here, there, everywhere. McCarthy understood, unlike other politicians who appealed to the constituency that had first crystallized about him, that greatness implies responsibility and that responsibility implies power. Some earnest camp followers thought McCarthy was betraying them when they discovered that he valued American troops in Europe, would not abandon an American role in Asia and thought detente possible without carving up the world to sate the appetite of the Soviets.

Media politics made it nearly impossible for McCarthy to communicate the important fact that his views on the war were part of a wider context which, among other factors, measured means against ends and ends against their pretensions. What did come across was that McCarthy's stand against the war was more than a sudden and convenient conversion. McCarthy's responsibility for turning the tide against our Vietnam adventure was so evident that even the Kennedy candidacy could not seize the issue from him. As John Kenneth Galbraith told a BBC audience recently, Gene McCarthy is "the man who deserves more credit than anybody else for bringing our involvement in the war to an end." (On the same program McCarthy asserted that "the war would have ended just the way it did even if we had not made our protest in 1968.") This caused the British journalist Anthony Howard to observe, accurately: "That's Gene McCarthy for you: he doesn't in the least mind being a martyr, but he's damned if he's going to allow anyone to make him a hero." Whatever modesty McCarthy insists on in this regard, he has insured that no President ever will feel again that he can carry on a war unaffected by the moral judgment of the people.

There was one issue where the intensity of McCarthy's commitment to justice somehow seemed to pale beside that of the designated Kennedy heir. The issue was civil rights, but was extended in a vague and deliberately unanalytical fashion to the condition and prospects of the American poor. On some calculus of compassion—despite his special stewardship in the House and Senate of migrant workers, the mentally ill, alleged security risks— McCarthy was found wanting. The problem surely was not one of record: no imagined failing of McCarthy's could possibly equal the seriousness of Attorney General Kennedy's refusal to provide US marshal protection for civil rights activists in the South. But the record was of little avail: to blacks and many white liberals, McCarthy was just not up to the racial crisis, didn't understand its urgency and couldn't speak the language that lifted the victims from despair to hope.

It was whispered about that McCarthy was downplaying race to secure his hold on middle class suburban voters. The campaign even endured some defections. And at the chicest parties in Beverly Hills and Cambridge, on Park Avenue and along the streets of Georgetown, McCarthy was said to have "copped out" on the crucial domestic moral confrontation of our time. (This, of course, did not keep the opposition from accusing him on the eve of the California primary, and with the desired electoral impact, of planning to dump 10,000 blacks from Watts into Orange County.)

In retrospect, of course, it all looks rather different. What many stigmatized then as cynical may in fact have been the most honorable stand in one very honorable

(continued on page 8)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

South Africa

To the editors:

Your recent article "Why Apartheid is Worse" (*TNR*, Nov. 12) is typical of the "ivory tower" syndrome which serves nicely if one wants to approach a question in a vacuum and devoid of any contextual matrix.

The two basic premises of the article are wrong but this is obfuscated by the clever usage of semantics.

It is stated that outside interference with South Africa is justifiable "because South Africa is part of us. . . ." This typical jingoistic, neo-colonialist approach negates the fact that South Africa is an Africa-rooted nation with its own history, customs and faced with its own unique problems of ethnic heterogeneity.

Thus it is stated that "only the South African regime defines our common humanity in terms which the rest of the human race now rejects." Such an approach infers an internationally recognized philosophical standard which is blithely skipped over in the rest of the article because it in fact does not exist. Nevertheless such an argument is no less erroneous when it is considered that South Africa is the only country willing to physically excise parts of her territory to accomodate the justifiable nationalistic aspirations of her different peoples who were grouped together by an accident of history in the conference halls of Europe. Undoubtedly the decisions then taken to arbitrarily impose the tenets of Europe on Africa also found able exponents to sell it to an unsuspecting public.

It must be nice to sit back and instigate interference in countries far from your own.

C. F. Nöffke
Embassy of South Africa
Washington, DC

To the editors:

I support wholeheartedly *The New Republic*'s recent editorial on why South Africa is different. The central point was well-taken and eloquently expressed.

However, I would disagree with the editorial's implication that the current policies of the Vorster government constitute a retreat from a supposedly more benign time when Jan Smuts ruled.

All the elements of the apartheid state—the separation of land between black and white in the South African Constitution, the methodical elimination of black representation in government, the workplace segregation of the races and the hated pass system—were well in place before the 1948 election. Smuts' reputation as an international statesman unfortunately obscured the fact that in his home country he was one of the architects of the racist state.

Naboth Mokgatle, the South African writer and labor leader, in his *Autobiography of an Unknown South African*, remembers an exchange in the Cape Town Parliament where the Nationalist leader Malan challenged Smuts on his authorship of the UN Charter's Preamble—"We the Peoples of the World." "Where do we stand in relation with the non-white races? Do you include them in those words?" Malan asked. "You know well," Smuts told Malan, "that I did not include them in those words. They are not our equal and they will never be our equal."

Smuts, the international champion of human rights, sadly lacked the courage and understanding to support those ideals in his native land. The electoral triumph of Malan's Nationalists merely took the gloves off the institutions of oppression that the Boer generals Smuts and Hertzog helped establish in the first half of the century.

George H. Rosen
Cambridge, Massachusetts

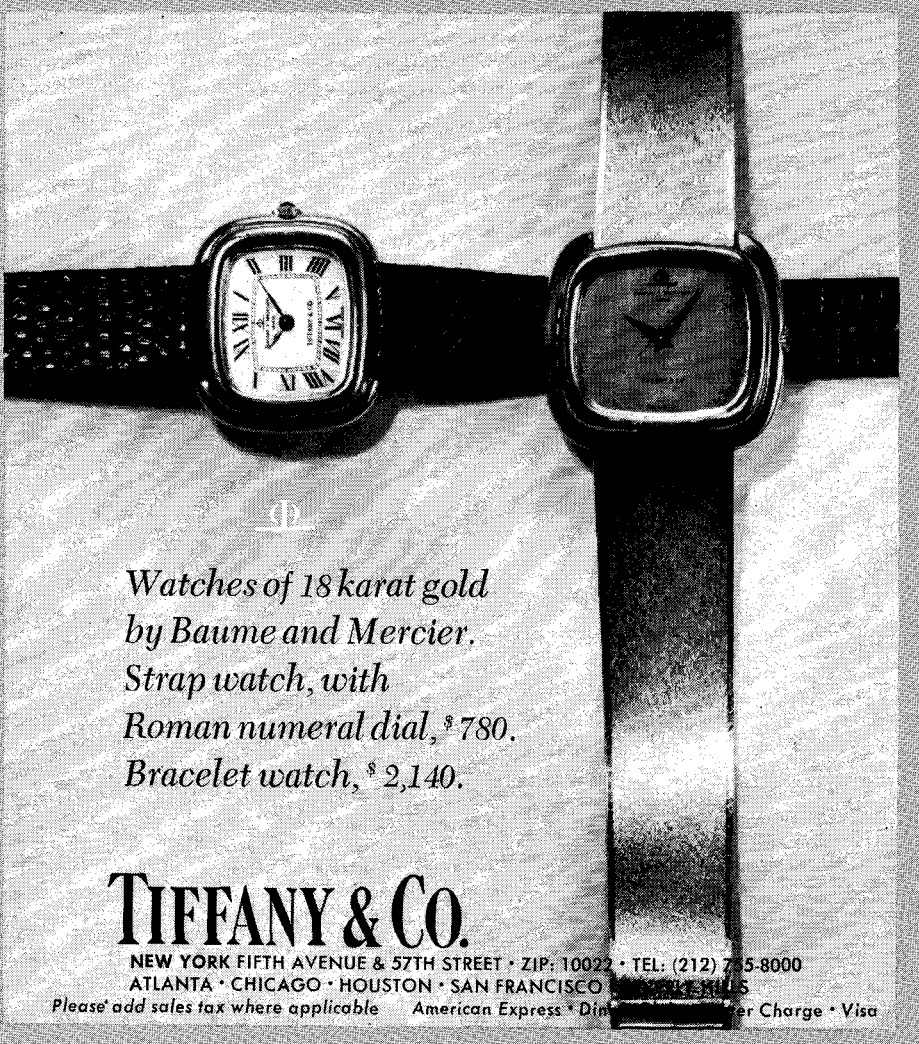
Poll watching

To the editors:

In an article in *The Washington Post* for June 19, 1977, Seymour Martin Lipset and William Schneider argue that public opinion research is an "inexact science," and pollsters "often fail to acknowledge how volatile—how 'soft'—the facts [they deal with] usually are." "The evidence of instability in poll results," they say, "is overwhelming."

Yet in "An Emerging National Consensus," (*TNR*, Oct. 15) these same

(continued on page 37)


Watches of 18 karat gold
by Baume and Mercier.
Strap watch, with
Roman numeral dial, $780.
Bracelet watch, $2,140.
TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • ZIP: 10022 • TEL: (212) 755-8000
ATLANTA • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO
Please add sales tax where applicable
American Express • Visa

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politician's career. McCarthy had made both an intellectual and an ethical judgment. He believed that the confinements of race and racial hatred could best be broken by an economic program to relieve and finally to eliminate the poverty of all. History and a vision of American possibilities had taught him that appeals to sectarian interests, and particularly those manifest in psychological terms, were likely to be divisive and self-defeating. And even to the extent that those sectarian struggles were won, they would turn out to be pyrrhic, or at best misleading.

Politicians routinely dispense hope, but never more freely and irresponsibly than they did in the late 1960s and early 1970s. It was something McCarthy was reluctant to do, and especially on the subject of race. On this, he argued, unrealistic hopes guaranteed disillusionment and frustration—certainly given the limited vision, limited program, limited public agreement on what further should be done. Everywhere there were heated-up emotions, exaggerated promises, colossal expectations—and also irrational phobias on all sides, "the fire next time." Was McCarthy wrong to try to calm that environment of imminent salvation or imminent catastrophe? Was he wrong to refuse to add his eloquence to the prevalent demagoguery? And as for those who faulted him for insufficient solidarity with the rising of blacks in the streets: where is their solidarity now?

That solidarity, in fact, does not exist. There's precious little solidarity even with the poor, black and white. What sympathy remains is focused at last and happily on the issue of a guaranteed income. By 1969, when it was common to hear that McCarthy had "dropped out," he was waging an unprecedented battle in the Senate for precisely such a policy. In 1972 George McGovern, the man who reaped McCarthy's harvest, grabbed the notion and ran with it as a $1000 universal giveaway; it became a landmark of the greatest liberal political disaster in 20th-century America. That's what seems to happen to a lot of McCarthy's ideas: others make them their own and destroy them.

The same is true for the efforts McCarthy inspired at reform of presidential nominating procedures. It had become evident in 1968 that a President could not be held accountable in his own party. So the reformers aimed at opening up caucuses, ending winner-take-all primaries and bringing unrepresented Democrats into the critical work of their party. But what started out as an effort to make the process more free and accessible ended as an attempt to reflect the patchwork crazyquilt image of America by requiring that precise percentages of population sections be represented at the conventions. By now it has gone far beyond that. Congress has put severe constraints on the real rights of people to engage in politics, particularly in insurgent politics, and has institutionalized the two major parties as the only possible vehicles for protest and change. McCarthy was once again the first to perceive these obstacles, to challenge them through the courts, and to demonstrate with his own quixotic efforts in 1976 just how closed the processes actually are. And if the Carter White House has its way the Democratic party itself will reinstate some of the old obstacles to dissident challenges against an incumbent President. (See "According to Hoyle," *TNR*, Sept. 3).

The media themselves are only interested in what they define as the main event. So the dissenter is hobbled under any circumstances. McCarthy's triumph was that, with the passions of Vietnam, he could also fix the people's minds on other aspects of institutional excess nearly as inimical to freedom as the war was to peace. Almost alone in the Senate, McCarthy had warned about flagrant CIA violations of its already quite broad prerogatives; in 1968, McCarthy made these a focus of nearly everyone's concern. And in that same campaign he called for greater controls on the FBI and for the early retirement of J. Edgar Hoover. Robert Kennedy thought that suggestion was "irresponsible," but even so the totem never again stood so erect and confident as before. Supervision of the intelligence apparatus and national police machinery is now a popular theme of our politics—perhaps too indiscriminately, McCarthy might think. But it was his daring in the face of ridicule by the sage arbiters of what was within bounds that broke the silence.

McCarthy's temperament is philosophical and reflective. But he is as much a practical liberal as a visionary. While campaigning in the Indiana primary, he gave a speech about the automobile—the large and powerful American automobile—characterizing it as economically wasteful and in some ways also socially destructive. The audience did not much take to the speech. It was strange, even foreign, certainly too abstract, perhaps subversive. But it too was prophetic. Friends of McCarthy may be tempted to say that, notwithstanding the defeats and indignities he suffered, the last decade is his. It is not quite so, for our politics is still politics as usual, moving aimlessly from real crisis to imagined one and back, unguided by a generalized conception of the public good.

The Right to Smoke

Most of us at this journal do not smoke, but that does not mean we have lost all fellow feeling with those in whom human weakness takes this particular form. Smoking, it seems, is rapidly becoming an exception to normal rules of decorum and tolerance. There are people who pride themselves on the way they graciously accept the foolishness and impositions to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which life with other people subjects them, but who feel free to assert the rigid inviolability of their personal space when it is threatened by a whiff of cigarette smoke. There are liberals who indignantly defend a person's right to rot her own mind with drugs, or to invade others' privacy with unwanted publicity and humiliation by the exercise of free speech, but who just as indignantly deny that person's right to smoke in peace anywhere the long arm of the state can reach to snuff out her cigarette. The discomfort and health concerns of non-smokers are not a sufficient explanation for the rush to ban smoking in public places. Smokers are our new official pariahs, and smoking is the last personal vice that can be officially identified and punished as such.

The Civil Aeronautics Board has decided to ban all pipe and cigar smoking on commercial airliners, and is pondering a rule banning cigarettes as well. This is the kind of idea that gives government regulation a bad name. Smokers already are segregated at the back of the plane, where they can cough and wheeze and die slowly among their own kind. Apparently this is not sufficient. Apparently the danger that an occasional wisp of smoke will drift forward to irritate a non-smoker is more important than the genuine misery millions of nicotine addicts will suffer from going without tobacco for the course of a lengthy airplane ride. Of course since they are smokers their misery doesn't count. Serves them right, as a matter of fact.

Cigarette smoke is genuinely annoying to non-smokers, and apparently it can be dangerous to them as well. Rules to minimize this annoyance and danger are reasonable, even if they cause minor inconvenience to the smoker. A ban of smoking in elevators, for example, where people are packed tight without much circulation and the duration of the ride is short, makes perfect sense. Likewise segregating smokers in planes and restaurants: this is a case where separate-but-equal works. But everyday life carries with it inevitable irritations, and even health risks, caused by other people. The fact that smokers are killing themselves doesn't mean they aren't entitled to some consideration when the balance of inconvenience is being weighed.

We note with pleasure that Alfred Kahn, the new chairman of the CAB, voted against the cigar and pipe ban. Kahn is an economist and the leading specialist in the economics of regulated industries. Selecting him—instead of one of the usual run of defunct politicians and revolving-door lawyers—was one of President Carter's most imaginative appointments. For 30 years the CAB has stifled competition in the airline industry by forbidding new entry, restricting routes and setting prices. The proposed smoking ban is just the latest example of needless and inept regulatory intervention. We're happy to see that Mr. Kahn hasn't foresaken his principles just because this particular intervention has the false appearance of being pro-consumer.

Another symbol bites the dust.

Flaherty's Promise

During the 1976 Presidential campaign, Jimmy Carter promised to depoliticize the Justice Department, in order to lift it from its post-Watergate state of disgrace. As part of this effort, Carter required those lawyers with political ambitions who received Presidential appointments at Justice to commit themselves to remain in the Department and out of politics as long as Carter wanted them to serve. Before he nominated Pittsburgh Mayor Peter Flaherty, an early Carter supporter in the crucial Pennsylvania primary, to the position of Deputy Attorney General, Carter asked for and received a four-year commitment from Flaherty. When Flaherty made the commitment it was public knowledge that a new governor of Pennsylvania would be elected in 1978, because the Pennsylvania Constitution bars Governor Milton Shapp from seeking another term.

Flaherty signed the standard letter from presidential appointees to the President, which said: "In accepting the position for which you propose to nominate me, it is my intention to serve for the entire term for which you appoint me and, if my term is indefinite, it is my intention to serve as long as you wish me to serve." At Flaherty's confirmation hearing, members of the Senate Judiciary Committee expressed skepticism, in light of Carter's pledge, about the selection of such a political animal for the number-two spot at Justice. Under questioning by Senator Charles Mathias, Republican of Maryland, Flaherty declared his intention to remain in office for four years: "I have made a commitment to the President that I would stay for a full four-year term, Senator; and I intend to keep that commitment."

On November 26 Flaherty announced that he was resigning from the Justice Department after eight months on the job, to "explore the possibilities of running for the Office of Governor of Pennsylvania." Flaherty told reporters his statement earlier this year to Mathias did not constitute a pledge to the Senate Judiciary Committee, but only a report to them of his pledge to President Carter. As for that pledge, he said Carter had released him from it.

What happened between the time Carter sought and received the commitment in early 1977 and mid-November to cause Carter to release Flaherty from the promise? Apparently nothing. When I asked Carter after his press conference last week why he had released Flaherty from his pledge, the President said, "I don't know. Pete never discussed it with me directly." Of course the question was about Carter's reasons, not Flaherty's, so the answer was evasive. When asked whether releasing Flaherty from his commitment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

represented a reversal of his efforts to depoliticize the Justice Department, Carter said, "I don't know enough to comment about that because I was not involved in the hiring of him nor in his resignation."

But of course Carter *was* involved in promising to depoliticize the Justice Department by insisting on these pledges; he *was* invoked to reassure the Judiciary Committee that Flaherty wouldn't be involved in politics; and he *did* release Flaherty from his promise not to resign to run for office. Flaherty told Attorney General Griffin Bell on November 21 that he wanted to be released. Bell got Carter's approval that same day and relayed it to Flaherty.

A spokesman for Bell said Bell had released Flaherty from his pledge because "the Attorney General just didn't want to stand in his way." Flaherty himself said, "I want to run for Governor. I want to return to Pennsylvania. My major work [at Justice] is complete." Asked why he made the pledge eight months ago when he knew there would be an open race for Pennsylvania governor next year, Flaherty said simply, "You don't look that far ahead in this business."

Obviously the Carter administration does not intend to take these pledges seriously. There may be nothing wrong with that; they are symbolic at best and silly at worst. Personal political ambition is not what corrupts the Justice Department. John Mitchell had no desire to resign and run for office. But it was Carter himself who made such a point of it. Bell told a press conference last March that he had chosen Flaherty to be his deputy after suffering some difficulty in trying to find people who would pledge to stay for the full four years. Flaherty's resignation after eight months is a cruel joke on those who turned down his job rather than make the pledge. They mistakenly assumed that another one of Carter's symbols had substance.

Peter Peckarsky

Peter Peckarsky is a freelance White House correspondent.

The doctor will be with you as soon as he's finished with energy, welfare, tax reform, etc.

Carter's Health Plans

by Eliot Marshall

One thing we know about Jimmy Carter is that he reads the polls. If he sees the work of his own court pollster, Patrick Caddell, he knows that national health insurance is an issue that stirs Americans like no other. Of all the great promises of social reform inherited from FDR's New Deal, the promise to shift the cost of being sick from the family's shoulders to the government's is the only one that is still massively popular.

According to a Caddell survey taken this year and cited publicly in October, 51 percent of the pollees said they were willing to pay higher taxes to get national health insurance. Seventy-five percent were "very concerned" about the cost of health care. As Caddell told a conference of insurance experts, "It has become the exception to all the rules about government social programs." People want something done, and they expect President Carter to do it.

Carter has approached the task cautiously. Other things got in the way this year: the energy bill, Bert Lance's trouble, job demands and economic crises. But the administration did take a small step toward asserting national authority over health care by introducing a hospital cost control bill. It was meant to be a temporary measure, designed to hold the patient still long enough for the experts at HEW to operate on him. It got bogged down in Congress and died, as I will explain later. The entire reform schedule is now backed up, and relatively little has been accomplished.

The President's first discussion of national health insurance as such took place in the White House on November 9. Attending the meeting were Carter, HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, Undersecretary Hale Champion, health insurance coordinator James Mongan, Labor Secretary Ray Marshall, White House chief economist Charles Schultze and presidential aides Stuart Eizenstat, Peter Bourne and Joseph Onek. A couple of these people said that it was merely a "progress report," a chance for HEW to let the President know what it was thinking. Nothing was decided. When Carter was asked about it the next day,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he said, "It is too early yet to lay down specifics. . . . This was just an exploratory talk. . . . I think by early next year the principles of a national health insurance program will be outlined to the American people."

Not much more can be learned at the agency level. The key office in HEW has churned out a thick stack of option papers. These studies are perceptive, in a minute way, thorough and immensely detailed—but utterly lacking in conviction. They reflect a profound uncertainty about everything, as for example in this "conclusion" of a paper on reimbursement: "Any discussion of reimbursement issues prior to decisions with respect to whether the NHI plan is to be primarily public sector or mixed public private . . . is somewhat artificial. Various of the reimbursement methods discussed are not consistent with certain financing and administrative alternatives."

In fairness, I should add that the papers were prepared not as policy statements, but as aids to debate, crib notes for a kind of bureaucratic parliament known as the advisory committee. In this case the committee is composed of 38 members drawn from every conceivable health care interest group, craven or sincere. The committee is a Califano scheme intended, it seems, to reassure the lobbies that every voice will be heard. Califano's Undersecretary, Hale Champion, said in earnest recently that even the most "doubting of the doubting Thomases are learning something from the discussions." The veterans, like Max Fine of the labor movement's Committee for National Health Insurance, regard it as window dressing. Fine thinks that any consensus arrived at in this committee would be so bland as to be politically worthless. Meanwhile, as the talking continues, Califano and staff are touring the country to solicit the public's opinion.

Labor isn't pleased with the way things have gone. This is critical news for the project, for it is inconceivable that a comprehensive health plan will go through Congress if labor actively opposes it. Even labor's indifference could be deadly. The history of health insurance and of organized labor are so closely intertwined that one cannot easily separate them. Many innovations in private coverage and all the major federal health programs have come about because labor fought for them. Now that the last pieces of the plan are falling into place, labor doesn't intend to endorse something that fails to meet its standards. The problem for Carter and Califano is that, for at least seven years, labor has been the only national organization in favor of doing something. All the other lobbies—the AMA, the hospital associations and the insurance companies—count it a success when nothing happens. That's why it is hard to understand how a Democratic administration could do anything without labor's help. The price of that help is high, though. The unions do not want their plan tampered with. They insist that coverage be mandatory and universal; that financing be managed through a single federal fund, paid for with payroll taxes; that there be no financial barriers to health care; and that hospital and doctor fees be controlled and negotiated annually through a political process.

Labor's loyalty to these principles was tested most recently in 1974. Several national health insurance bills were before Congress, including one designed by Richard Nixon. As the session got underway, about six months before the Watergate election of 1974, Senator Edward Kennedy and Representative Wilbur Mills together unveiled a compromise plan they thought they could get through Congress. Kennedy had carried labor's plan to the Senate, and Mills was then chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and a skillful negotiator. Their plan incorporated many of labor's ideas. But rather than have the government administer everything, it allowed private companies to do the job as contractors. To keep costs down, it required middle-class patients to pay a large share of their hospital and doctor bills each year out of their own pockets. Once enacted, the sponsors said, the plan would be liberalized gradually. Robert Ball, the former director of Social Security, helped Kennedy and Mills write the plan. He said last month that the reason it died was that "labor knocked it on the head." Kennedy was called a traitor for abandoning labor's cause. After that, the hope of reaching a compromise dissolved. Kennedy lost interest. Mills continued bargaining feverishly with the Nixon White House. The Republicans came up with a plan of their own, but in the end the insurance companies turned against it. It was a deadlock: there was no majority for anything, and nothing happened. Wilbur Mills, several months later, ended up on a burlesque stage in Boston.

Nothing has happened since then because neither labor nor business wanted anything to happen. Jerry Ford made a stab at national health insurance, but his administration was sunk by the recession, Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger and Vietnam. Labor could afford to wait for a Democrat. Though Jimmy Carter wasn't labor's first choice, he did get labor's help in the presidential campaign. Leonard Woodcock, the United Auto Workers chief and a long-time campaigner for national health insurance, gave Carter his personal support in the Florida primary and later brought the entire union behind Carter. In return, Carter modified his stand on national health insurance to include some points labor insisted on. One lobbyist points specifically to a clause in a Carter speech given on April 16, 1976 before the Student National Medical Association in Washington, DC. In it, candidate Carter said, "Rates for institutional care and physician services should be set in advance, prospectively." Control of doctors' fees is a key item in labor's policy. According to the lobbyist, the candidate had to meditate 48 hours before committing himself to this vague promise.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Labor people have three substantial complaints today: that Carter is not listening to their advice; that Carter's health staff is inept in dealing with Congress; and that HEW served as midwife in birthing a monster called the "Enthoven plan." The first complaint is self-explanatory and the second, on close examination, has a lot in common with the first. They both spring from the administration's desire to keep its political reputation virgin-pure. Some say the compulsion for purity makes Carter's people stubborn, preachy and aloof. The failure of the hospital bill is cited as an example.

One lobbyist said last week that personal squabbles were as much to blame for the bill's failure as the technical flaws. Two congressional committees that write health legislation had spats with the administration earlier this year. The Senate Finance Committee and the House Ways and Means subcommittee on health had candidates whom they backed for jobs in the new Democratic health bureaucracy. Califano's decision to choose other people, and the abrupt way in which he made the decision made for bad feelings. Relations between the Senate Finance Committee and HEW were particularly poor, so much so that HEW officials refused for a time to have any dealings with staff chief Jay Constantine. This, of course, made it difficult to negotiate a compromise between congressional programs to control hospital costs and the plan submitted by HEW. Califano urged Congress to move, held press conferences, wrote letters and blew smoke out his ears, but he got no bill. The differences between the administration and Congress are now being smoothed over, and Carter's people expect to get a bill early next year. However, even if they do get one quickly in January, it will serve only as a mild anesthetic. The surgery has not begun.

The Enthoven plan worries labor more than the family squabbling. It arrived on the scene this fall, having developed on a track entirely separate from the one on which all the other health planners were working. It is the product of a benign conspiracy. Early this year, Califano asked Alain Enthoven, an economist at the Stanford Business School, to develop a "free enterprise" plan, one that would minimize the need for federal cost controls but still keep costs down and standards high. Enthoven undertook the task privately and later won a federal grant to complete it. This fall he presented his ideas in outline to a gathering of about 80 experts at a retreat on the Skyline Drive near Washington, DC. Carter officialdom is divided over its merits, and no one seems eager to discuss it. The Enthoven plan, though still inchoate, could become quite important next year—particularly if Carter decides he wants to introduce a flashy new and untainted concept. What it proposes, in very brief form, is to give middle-class people a tax credit and poor people a health voucher which they would then use to buy themselves an insurance policy, a place in a group practice plan or any other kind of approved scheme.

It's difficult to say much about the Enthoven plan today because it is composed chiefly of abstractions. The stickiest details are left out. A few points can be made. The concept is anathema to labor. It is a theoretician's scheme, owing more to economic philosophy than to experience. It would not mix well with other plans on the market, and almost any compromise one envisions with a labor-backed proposal would turn it into mush. In fact, a compromise probably would turn it into something resembling one of the dozens of quickie proposals generated in the last decade by corporate interests hoping to block the progress of labor's plan. It has no constituency, though perhaps in time it could develop one.

Even conservatives are deserting it.

The Sorry State of the GOP

by Ken Bode

"You're going to see very few, if any, new faces rise to the surface in the presidential primaries in either party in 1980. They are going to be the old faces—they always are." That's the way John Connally, one of the oldest faces in both parties, wishfully sizes-up the next presidential election. Connally is asked about this frequently these days on his tour around the country speaking and raising money on behalf of Republican candidates for the 1978 elections. Connally's main purpose, it cannot be doubted, is to get some early

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presidential exposure and leave a few IOUs outstanding for two years hence. Connally has attracted some early company. Lowell Weicker has appointed a campaign manager and announced his strategy for the early primaries. Former CIA director and China envoy George Bush has opened an account at the Federal Elections Commission. Robert Dole has logged 150 speeches in 100 cities. And Jim Thompson, governor for all of ten months now, has been in Mississippi, New Hampshire, Michigan, Washington, DC and twice to Arizona to deny he has anything on his mind but reelection in Illinois. Notwithstanding Connally's assessment, nearly every roster of Republican presidential hopefuls numbers at least a dozen these days. With the longshot success of James Earl Carter, Jr. and the late-blooming glory of Jerry Brown still vivid in memory, few are inclined to shorten the list prematurely.

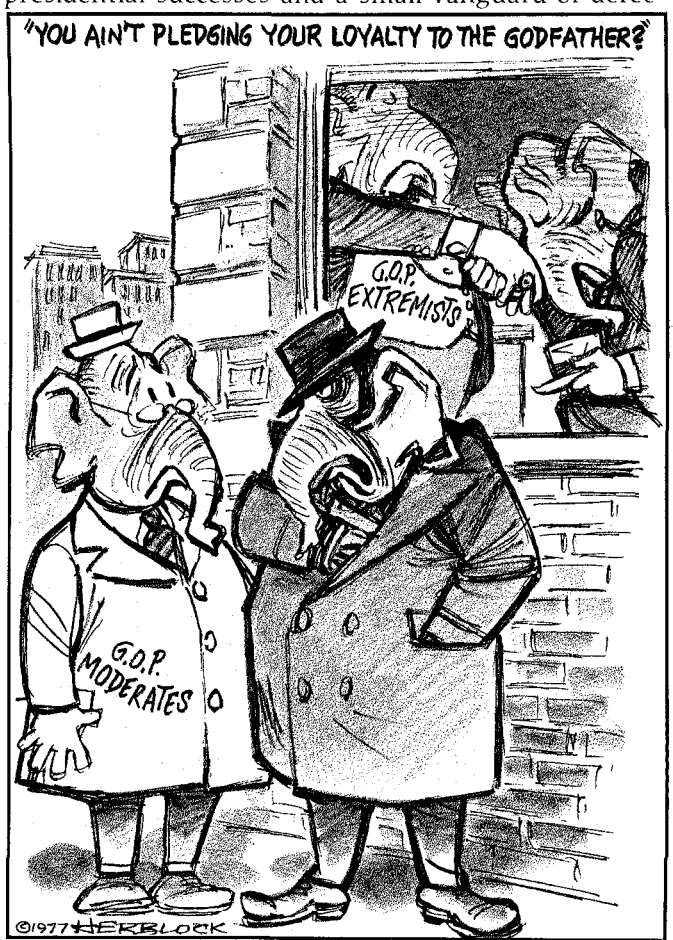
"These fellows read the polls," says one Republican strategist. What the polls are showing—not just Gallup and Harris, but state surveys taken for potential Republican Senate candidates around the country—is sustained personal popularity for President Carter, but a sharp decline in the more important indicator, his job approval rating. "They are getting the impression that Jimmy Carter can be had."

It's not surprising that Republican attentions turn so readily to presidential politics. For a party whose bier has been readied for a generation or more, the GOP does pretty well at that level. In the eight elections since Roosevelt, an era of Democratic ascendancy, Republicans have won the White House four times. During that period, according to the mathematics of political scientist Everett Ladd, Jr., Republican presidential candidates have received more votes than the Democrats. The problem is that with multiplying primaries, federal subsidies, a growing domination of political campaigns by television, the rise of the independent, ticket-splitting voter and the diminished patronage available to the Oval Office, presidential elections are less and less party affairs. They are a separate arena of combat with rules that apply at no other level and without a potential for much trickle-down effect. By law we have narrowed our presidential options to two, with the GOP propped up on the federal level by the FEC, the FCC, income tax check-offs and the like—all products of the vested interest of both parties in keeping the current system afloat. As a result, presidential elections become occasions of forced choice. With two—and only two—options, enough voters come back into line in support of a Gerald Ford (or at least against a Jimmy Carter) to produce a 52-to-48 result. Both wings of both parties have flirted with third-party splinter efforts at various times in the last three elections, but the Supreme Court's ruling in 1976 upholding the election reform act has eliminated that possibility for now. Without a mobilizing issue at least as powerful as the Vietnam war was in 1968, or the emergence of a popular leader with a regional base like George Wallace, presidential elections will be bipartisan events.

But occasional presidential victories won't resurrect the GOP, even if future Republican presidents are more attentive to party building than Eisenhower and Nixon were. Down in the states, the federal props that assure two parties—no more, but no less—don't exist. To be sure, Republicans appear on the ballot almost everywhere, and party becomes a more important aspect of the voting decision, the lower you get on the ballot. Nevertheless, over the past two decades, the lower you go, the worse it looks for the GOP. The party is an emptying shell, more or less competitive at the top, dwindling at the bottom. Take a few examples:

Massachusetts, Maryland and Rhode Island each have one Republican and one Democrat in the US Senate and governorships that change parties at least once in a while. Yet the state legislature in Massachusetts holds steady at about five-to-one Democratic and the ratio in Maryland and Rhode Island is closer to seven-to-one. Below the top spots on the ballot, states like these—and there are more of them—are not two-party states, and anyone interested in influencing public policy there must remember that fact.

In the deep South, dreams of realignment or even dominance were kindled a decade ago by Republican presidential successes and a small vanguard of defec-



©1977 by Herblock in The Washington Post

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions among Democratic officeholders. With a southern Democrat in the White House, that genie is back in the bottle. And a closer look back shows that the vision began to fade almost as soon as it appeared. The GOP has held the governorship in six of the 11 states of the old confederacy since the mid-1960s, but in only one—Virginia—has a Republican governor ever succeeded another Republican. In the Watergate referendum of 1974, the GOP dropped 20 percent of the congressional seats it held in Dixie. More telling is the fact that in the last decade only three Republicans have been elected to any statewide office below governor throughout the entire South—one lieutenant governor, one attorney general and one public services commissioner. In the past two elections, the party has lost 40 percent of its seats in Southern state legislatures and has fallen back to a level comparable to the pre-1960 era of Democratic dominance, about 10 percent. There is not a single Republican in the state legislature of Alabama, not one Republican in the congressional delegation of Georgia. Republican hopes in Dixie foundered on a white-only southern strategy initially enunciated by Barry Goldwater in 1964 and embraced by ideological purists in the following decade. As a result, there is no state government in the region that the GOP can hope to control in the foreseeable future.

The problems of the Republican party all around the country are only slightly less severe than these examples indicate, and the consequences are enormous. There is only one state where the GOP controls the governor's office and both houses of the legislature, compared to 29 for the Democrats. At the national level, gerrymandered safe districts and the perquisites of congressional incumbency enable the party to win some elections all the time, and a few more some of the time. But for the foreseeable future, the GOP will not be able to win enough elections any of the time to capture the right to govern the country.

So on the one hand the GOP has a monopoly on opposition, and on the other hand, the most it can hope to do is win the White House from time to time and divide the responsibility for governing with the Democrats.

These facts impress themselves differently on the two wings of the GOP. For the far right, ideology comes first. The party is nothing more for these people than an occasional electoral vehicle, and by no means the only one, to be used in pursuit of public policy that suits their ideology. One of the exponents of this view is Richard Viguerie, the direct mail specialist who raises a fortune for the conservatives. Viguerie's principal vehicle for influencing elections is not the Republican party, but groups like the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress (CSFC) and the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC), through which he dispensed about three million dollars in 1976. Viguerie sums up the prevailing view: "We're conservatives first. We couldn't care less about party labels. We will use whatever political vehicle is at hand." NCPAC organizer Terry Dolan terms the Republican Party "an institutional disaster."

As these "new right" groups see it, the Republican label is an albatross in many election districts, even those of conservative complexion. So instead of backing conservative Republicans, as they traditionally have done, they have begun to seek out Democrats of the same species to back in that party's primary. It's a theory of electoral expediency emerging from the trend toward one-party dominance. Republicans often start out 10, 15 or even 25 points behind. Why concede the edge? "If our targeted candidates weren't running as Republicans," Dolan has said, "we'd elect 75 percent of them. . . . The conservatives who are doing best are the ones with the least identification with the Republicans. Anybody that marries himself to the Republican party at this point is crazy." One important exception to this bipartisan trend among conservatives is Ronald Reagan's Citizens for the Republic. The group fell heir to $1.5 million in leftover money from Reagan's 1976 presidential campaign and all of it is earmarked for conservative Republicans.

GOP moderates—men like Clifford Case, Edward Brooke, Jacob Javits, Charles Mathias and Charles Percy—tend to a more traditional view of the Republican party. They see it as a permanent political institution whose main purpose is the pursuit of power and ultimately governance. First principles are important, of course, but these men are concerned about the health of the party, and they've been around long enough to know how the patient reacts to an overdose of ideology. They also understand the dangers of fragmentation and all of them violated conservative orthodoxy with their support for federal campaign subsidies which undermine the independent movements favored by Viguerie and others of his stripe. They hold firmly to the view that Republicans are Republicans, without qualifying adjectives. Moderate orthodoxy these days focuses on building—or resurrecting—the party. The advice being given is to open the doors, enlarge the party's appeal, broaden its base to include more blacks, more young people, more blue-collar workers. Political parties, say the moderates, are "coalitions built on compromise"; "demagoguery and ideological hair-splitting" should be shunned. The conservatives view all the rhetoric about base broadening and party building as pretty thin beer. To them the prescribed compromising and avoidance of ideological hairsplitting inevitably means offending the basic tenets of Republicanism, and that they're against.

Verbal skirmishing about ideology versus party broke into open hostility last month when moderates discovered that at least three of their number were on what they termed "hit lists"—targeted by conservative groups for primary contests in 1978. Those set up for purge include Brooke, Case, and Representative John

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anderson of Illinois, third ranking in the GOP House leadership. The conservatives figure they have nothing to lose. Successful or not they demonstrate their determination to stuff a little ideology into the political process. Anderson, who will face a reactionary preacher well provided with staff and money from the rightwing CFSC, reacted sharply, calling his opponents "a small, willful group of rigid rightwing Republicans . . . trying to cleanse the party of all those who commit the ultimate apostasy of disagreeing with them."

Eight senators, led by Charles Mathias, took the issue public. In a letter to Republican National chairman Bill Brock, they dubbed the effort "cannibalization," and asked his help in putting a stop to it. Their move says something about the terms of conflict on the GOP battlefronts. Brock, who has nothing whatever in his ceremonial arsenal to do a thing about the hit lists, framed his response ever so carefully. He was "sympathetic" with their "thoughtful letter," he told the senators, which was "very much to the point." Yes. And thank you, Mr. Brock. That puts Richard Viguerie right in his place.

With thanks to Phyllis Schlafly for bringing them all together.

The Women at Houston

by Betty Friedan

Eleven years ago, after delegates to a government conference on the status of women were told they had no right to take any action or even pass a resolution to make the government enforce the new law on sex discrimination in employment, a handful of women met in my Washington hotel room to start an independent women's movement. That was the National Organization for Women. Over the next decade an unprecedented revolution in women's consciousness produced laws and other concrete breakthroughs against sex discrimination. The constitutional underpinning needed to make these breakthroughs permanent and irreversible would be the Equal Rights Amendment, which expires if not ratified by March 1979.

In November 1977, with the Equal Rights Amendment stalled three states short of ratification by a rightwing backlash, and with the courts and President Carter backtracking on rights already won, another government conference on the status of women was held in Houston, Texas. The stated purpose of the conference was to adopt a "National Plan of Action" for women.

The origins of the conference seemed harmless, straightforward: a bill introduced in Congress by Bella Abzug to provide five million dollars for women to meet in each of the 50 states and then nationally to implement for the United States the objectives of the International Women's Year, proclaimed by the United Nations in 1975. But the IWY conference in Mexico was a fiasco. Some women became suspicious that various political powers were using the IWY to coopt and control and blunt the modern women's movement as it began to spread worldwide.

Some movement leaders felt similarly uneasy over the US government's espousal of this nation's women's movement at the apex of 10 years of unprecedented social change. No one could possibly object to being handed five million dollars and all kinds of logistical aid and comfortable perquisites to get more women together, at government expense, than could ever afford to meet independently. But it seemed almost too good to believe. If President Carter, who appointed the IWY Commission, was truly committed to women's equality, why was he showing such lassitude about mobilizing Democratic party power to counteract the right and get the ERA ratified in Democratic states like Florida, Illinois, Missouri, and even his own Georgia, where it is stalled? If the US government was going to take over the agenda of the women's movement in all sincerity, why the backtracking on federal funds for abortion? Why the backing and filling over affirmative action in sex discrimination programs, as in the *Bakke* case?

The uneasiness grew over the past year, as the energies of women were diverted from ratification of the ERA to the mechanics of running IWY conferences in every state. It was difficult to mobilize women before

Betty Friedan is the author of *The Feminine Mystique* and *It Changed My Life.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crucial votes on ERA in Florida and Illinois last Spring because they were working on their state IWY conference. Phyllis Schlafly's shrill "stop ERA" squads with their red ribbons and Bibles almost had the men to themselves. John Birch groups, the Mormon church and the Ku Klux Klan partially took over IWY state conferences in Missouri, Utah, Illinois, Indiana, Mississippi, Alabama and other western and southern states, promoting anti-ERA and anti-abortion platforms. Phyllis Schlafly predicted that Houston would be "the death knell of the women's movement." On the other hand, some feminists felt the IWY Commission was being controlled by a small cabal whose real agenda was their own power. On the eve of Houston, when the Commission voted to put a resolution on lesbian rights ahead of other business, the suspicion arose that somehow, someone was trying to pit the extremists of "women's lib" against the far right.

Nothing in the Plan of Action was new to feminists, nor in any way objectionable. But it buried the ERA in a catalogue of 26 other items ranging from "women in the arts" to "credit" and "welfare." If Houston were as ugly as all signs indicated it might be, who could blame Carter for backing off ERA—especially if he accepted a 26-point Plan of Action for Women, which included everything a feminist ever dreamed of, and endorsed a new Department of Women with a Secretary of Women (the provision of which was the 26th point of the Plan) to get the women out of the other departments' hair?

Under the mandate of the act creating the Houston conference, far more black women and Hispanic and Chinese and Indian Americans would be in attendance than ever went to a NOW convention—and by virtue of the round trip airfare and $50-a-day expenses for elected delegates, far more poor women. Also, more establishment women, from every state. In the face of the danger from the right, members of the League of Women Voters, the Business and Professional Women, the American Association of University Women, the Girl Scouts and YWCA, the labor unions, and Council of Catholic, Jewish and Protestant churchwomen (who by now are firmly committed to the ERA and the full agenda of equality) turned out in great numbers, as well as the members of NOW and the Women's Equity Action League. The unexpected thousands of women who turned up at each state conference over the summer were not all agents of the far right, but women genuinely turned on by the momentous changes and possibilities the women's movement has opened, women who had no chance to take part before. In the end, the far right represented only about 300 of the 2000 delegates at Houston—the same small percentage as in the population as a whole. But John Birch front groups were reportedly paying the way for 10,000 right-wing women to come to Houston to distract from the government conference with their own circus at the Astrodome. And the 1000 reporters covering the event were bound to pick on and magnify every incident of confrontation, provocation, dissension, disruption and extremist rhetoric on either side, to distort and drown out the moderate voice of the majority of women. And the far right was not the only problem. How could the insistent special interests of minority groups of women—black or brown, welfare mothers, lesbians, the Right to Life and Right to Choose polarities of abortion—be reconciled, and given their just voice, without destroying the broad middle American consensus and commitment to the central goal of equality for women?

Women aware of these dangers arrived in Houston with uneasy dread. That Friday morning Houston papers carried large dirty ads from the Birch front group showing a little girl asking "Mommy, can I grow up and be a lesbian?" By accident or design, some oil convention didn't vacate its rooms at the two main hotels so that all during the day and into Friday night, long lines of women stood in the lobbies of the Hyatt and Sheraton waiting wearily to register and unpack, kept from getting their own act together.

An artificial happening, a pseudo-event, an unnecessary event, a media event: once the huge process was set into motion in the 50 states, Houston inevitably became an existential test of what the American women's movement really adds up to, whom it really represents—a test that might indeed destroy the women's movement by extremist confrontation, or insidious cooption, but a test that could not be evaded, conducted in the full glare of television.

The symbolism of the torch lifted the delegates out of their private fears and selfish obsessions to that sense of history which sometimes saves us from our triviality in the women's movement. It had been the idea of Sey Shassler, editor of *Redbook* and one of the conspicuously devoted male members of the IWY Commission. Lit at Seneca Falls, NY, where American women first met in 1848 to draw up their grievances, the torch had been carried in relays by fleet college runners through the eastern, midwest, southern states. I ran the last mile in Houston, with Billie Jean King, Bella, Susan B. Anthony (a descendant of the original suffragette) and other leaders of the modern women's movement. That first night, and again at the opening ceremonies, three first ladies—Lady Bird Johnson, Betty Ford and Rosalynn Carter—gave official blessing to the Houston plan, and repeated their personal commitments to the Equal Rights Amendment.

That Friday night, a pro-Plan caucus was held, supposedly to create a common strategy for all women who supported the 26 planks drawn up by the Commission. The idea, put forth by Gloria Steinem and others, was to prevent any attempt to amend the Plan. There was an elaborate system of floor whips. No one was going to be able to get a microphone, speak on the floor or—above all—suggest any changes, without the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consent of the pre-selected leaders of this Pro-Plan caucus. This attempt to suppress all dissent and spontaneity did not sit well with many. The welfare women felt the resolution on welfare was patronizing and disregarded their real economic concerns. The older women complained that the Plan treated them "as if all we need is better nursing homes." All of the minority groups were, separately and severally, unhappy. Was that what the women's movement was all about—to liberate women from male power brokers only to be manipulated again by female power brokers?

The members of NOW (the largest single group of delegates, though no larger than the right-wing total), met independently of the Pro-Plan caucus. The one thing that most upset NOW (and me) was the sleeper at the end—the setting up of a separate Women's Department to coordinate all of women's dealings with government. This would set women back 20 years. It was where NOW came in. It reeked of tokenism!

After various ceremonial welcomes, the first few resolutions were passed with such obvious well-oiled mechanism for controlling dissent—"calling the question" before debate could even take place—that women nowhere near the far right began to object. "Arts and Humanities," "Battered Women," "Women in Business," "Credit," "Child Abuse," "Child Care," "Disabled Women," "Education," "Elective and Appointive Office," "Employment"—were all these thousands of women brought to Houston just to say "*Ja*"? Over at the Astrodome, Phyllis Schlafly, chief agent of the right-wing hate movement against women, was telling a crowd reporters estimated at 15,000 that any woman who took shelter in a center for battered wives deserved to be beaten by her husband or father. But inside the Houston Coliseum, the women committed to equality were so well organized and disciplined that the right wingers' tactics of parliamentary quibble and delay, which had disrupted some of the state meetings, simply didn't work. After this became clear in the first few votes, the spectre of the far right could no longer be used as an excuse to pressure the other women at the IWY conference to give up their own autonomy.

Late Saturday night, the resolution saying simply "The Equal Rights Amendment should be ratified" came to the floor. If it was meant to be passed, pro forma—diluted, homogenized, as one item out of 26 in this new "Woman's Plan of Action"—such was not the mood or the will of the majority of women present at Houston. No one even wanted to discuss extending the deadline for seven more years (the proposal introduced by the women in Congress as a kind of insurance policy which has been seized on by the White House, possibly to get itself off the hook). I warned from the floor that if the ERA is not ratified in the next year and three months, it will be the signal to take away all that women have gained. I said that if the President and his politicians do not pit their own power against the far right in the 15 Democratic states that have not ratified it, women will have been "had" by the government's five million dollars. And the women pounded passionate agreement. I said this matter of the Equal Rights Amendment was not just one item out of 26, but the key to keeping what women have fought for and won in the years that took us to Houston, and of going on from there to finish the business of equality. Otherwise, our daughters will have to start over again. The massive, spontaneous snake dance through the coliseum after the overwhelming approval of the ERA resolution was led by Wisconsin's banner: "Women's Rights Are As American As Apple Pie".

And then, far into the night, the black women, Indian women, Chicanas and other minority groups caucused to formulate their own demands.

On Sunday morning, the bland and general resolution that "All programs destined to assist women in overcoming discrimination should include specific proposals and actions to overcome the double discrimination against minority women" was amended by a specific set of proposals offered, in turn, by American Indian and Alaskan native women, Asian-Pacific American women, Hispanic and black women.

"Minority women share with all women the experience of sexism," the new resolution began. "Every recommendation in this plan of action should be understood as applying equally and fully to minority women. But institutionalized bias based on race, language, culture and/or ethnic origin . . . [has] led to the additional oppression and exclusion of minority women and to the conditions of poverty from which they disproportionately suffer." The minority women called for laws and government action at all levels on such problems as "involuntary sterilization, monolingual education and services, high infant and maternal mortality rates, bias toward minority women's children, confinement to low level jobs, confinement to poor ghettoized housing, culturally biased testing, and failure to enforce affirmative action and special admission programs." They dealt with the need of American Indian and native Alaskan women for protection of "hunting, fishing and whaling rights" and of the need to "forbid the systematic removal of children from their families" and to eliminate the "sweatshop work conditions of Asian-American women", and the particular problems of wives of US servicemen. Hispanic women objected to the "deportation of mothers of American-born children." With grace and dignity, Indian women yielded to Asian to Chicana, each reading her section, and ending with Coretta King insisting, "The President and the Congress should immediately address the crisis of unemployment which impacts the black community and results in black teenage women having the highest rate of unemployment."

This dignified, confident, brilliantly organized and executed presentation by the minority women was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quite unlike the old defensive hostile railing that used to accuse the women's movement of being a white middle class affair. Minority women embraced "equally and fully" every item of women's agenda of equality—and then dealt in, as part of that agenda, their special problems as members of minority groups. And there was no quibbling, no defensiveness, no guilt trips, no apologies from the white majority at Houston. Women from Utah, Mississippi and Alabama who had voted consistently against other parts of the plan rose in support of the minority women. When someone started to sing "We Shall Overcome," even the press box women stood and sang, clasping hands. I saw a black middle aged woman walking down the aisle with tears on her cheeks, and then a beautiful young Chinese-American, crying, and realized that I, and the dignified white-haired woman next to me, and the blue-jeaned girl across the aisle were crying too. It is impossible to imagine a similar moment in a convention of men. But it was not a sentimental gesture. A real bridge had been crossed.

And then that other fast-growing minority, older women, repudiated their patronizing treatment as passive inmates, needing only better nursing homes, to demand "innovative housing," "home health services," "alternatives to institutional care," "continuing education for older women," "a new image of the older woman" and a phasing out of mandatory retirement.

What the right wing was waiting for was the plank on "reproductive freedom," which read: "We support the US Supreme Court decision which guarantees reproductive freedom to women," and "We oppose the exclusion of abortion or childbirth and pregnancy-related care from Federal, State or local funding of medicaid services or from privately financed medical services." When Right-to-Life men led a noisy demonstration in the galleries, parading pictures of pickled fetuses, the National Abortion Rights Action League raised a single blue and white banner with the Statue of Liberty raising her torch over "the right to choose." When a clear majority from the 50 states upheld the "right to choose"—though by no means with the same near-unanimity the Equal Rights Amendment achieved—some women stood and sang "God Bless America". I sang with them, thinking: Why should we let the enemies of women's rights preempt "America," "Life," "Family," and "God"? It dawned on some of the reporters, shuttling back and forth between the Astrodome and the Houston coliseum, that Phyllis Schlafly and her followers were the shrill strident ones, preaching hate. The women from NOW and League of Women Voters and the AAUW, the churchwomen and the union women were ladylike models of dignity, professing simple self-respect and, yes, love. Or maybe those whom the women's movement had liberated were simply more secure, self-confident and less afraid and resentful of life. But in the breaking of previous stereotypes that took place in Houston, some feminists began to have a new respect for the feelings of women who do oppose abortion. Bella Abzug insisted that they be given equal time in the debate on reproductive freedom. Right to Lifers complimented Abzug on her "fairness," and some even began to wear ERA buttons.

Late Sunday evening came the resolution on "sexual preference" which, it was predicted, surely would tear the Houston conference apart and finally give the right wing its chance to tar the Equal Rights Amendment with the aura of homosexuality, as Anita Bryant and Phyllis Schlafly and the John Birch groups have been trying to do this whole past year. I had been horrified at the attempt of some lesbians to schedule that resolution—which asked for "legislation to eliminate discrimination on the basis of sexual and affectional preference" in employment, housing, public accommodations, credit, public facilities and the military—ahead of the Equal Rights Amendment. On the other hand, I had tried to talk other women out of an amendment to delete civil rights for lesbians.

A half hour before the issue was due on the floor—by accident or design of alphabetical order, near the very end of the 26-point plan—a lesbian woman whom I had fought bitterly, eight years ago, when such issues first surfaced in NOW, asked me if I would speak in their support. I said, "No. My overriding concern is the Equal Rights Amendment, and you know how they are twisting the homosexual thing against us." She said, "Well, you know the ERA won't do a thing for homosexuals—that's why we need our own civil rights protection." And somehow, even I changed at Houston. I never had been opposed to civil rights for homosexuals: the right of sexual preference seemed to me a private right, like the right of religious freedom—and, as such, certainly a women's issue, a women's right. But I had strongly objected to the confusion of feminism with lesbianism and to a focusing on lesbian rights to the neglect of issues of equality common to all women. But now I objected even more strongly to the way the right wing was trying to fan a hysteria of hate and fear against homosexuals, to cloak their real economic and political objections to the Equal Rights Amendment. It would have been immoral, wrong, to sacrifice the civil rights of lesbians to appease the right wing. It would not have appeased the right, it would not make the issue go away. It would only increase the bitterness and division that for too long dissipated the energies of the women's movement. But how simple: to separate the two issues by affirming the civil rights of lesbians. It suddenly seemed to me that if the black women and chicanas, who once saw feminism as a white racist tool, could move out of their defensive hangups, why couldn't I?

There were livid speeches from the far right leaders, and a lurid speech from a lesbian separatist extremist suggesting that delegates to any future conference be given their own separate section under "L" for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lesbian". There were troubled speeches by women from Utah and Nevada, unwilling to bear the "albatross" of this issue in getting the ERA ratified by their own conservative states. There were parliamentary maneuvers to extend the debate on "sexual preference" beyond that given to other resolutions, by voting on it sentence-by-sentence. When I was recognized, I said:

"I am considered to be violently opposed to the lesbian issue in the women's movement, and I have been. This issue has been used to divide us and disrupt us and has been seized on by our enemies to try and turn back the whole women's movement to equality, and alienate our support. As a woman of middle age who grew up in middle America—in Peoria, Illinois—and who has loved men maybe too well, I have my personal hangups on this issue. I have made mistakes, we have all made mistakes in our focus on this issue. But now we must all transcend our previous differences to devote our full energies to get the Equal Rights Amendment ratified, or we will lose all we have gained. Since, contrary to the lies of the John Birchers, we know that the Equal Rights Amendment will do nothing whatsoever for homosexuals, we must support the separate civil rights of our lesbian sisters." And I urged them, in the spirit of Houston, to join me in support of the resolution on sexual preference and waste no further time in getting on with our common business of Equal Rights.

The question was called for, the motion passed with a comfortable majority, and once again, I joined the women singing "God Bless America." If they thought it a reproach for the right of sexual preference, I sang in recognition and affirmation of yet another form of the diversity and personal freedom that is America's glory.

A group of lesbian separatists who were holding a candlelight vigil outside the hall, called it off and ran back in to help the welfare leaders fight for a proper resolution on "Women, Welfare and Poverty," a subject strangely neglected in the original IWY document. The resolution read: "Poverty is a major barrier to equality for women. . . . We support increased federal funding for income transfer programs . . . a federal floor under payments to provide an adequate standard of living . . . homemakers receiving payments should be afforded the dignity of having that payment called a wage, not welfare. . . . We oppose the Carter Administration proposal for welfare reform which among other things eliminates food stamps, CETA training and jobs paying more than minimum wage, adequate daycare and introduces 'workfare' where welfare mothers would be forced to 'work off' their grants which is work without wage, without fringe benefits or bargaining rights, and without dignity."

The final Monday morning was to have been devoted to "implementation" of this Plan—which, as proposed by the IWY Commission as its 26th item, involved the setting up of a Cabinet-level Women's Department. It was on this issue alone that most of the women delegates at Houston, including me, rebelled against control by the IWY commission. The very fact that so many members of that Commission, who should have known better, would have gone along with setting up a kind of Bureau of Indian Affairs for women, bespoke the dangers of cooption that come with government support, with comfortable perks, funding and the illusion of power. Some could see Bella in that Cabinet job, but that was not why they opposed it. To women on the floor, this proposal signified a retreat to tokenism, with relatively powerless female mediators interposed between their own organizations and the powers that be. Furthermore, the setting up of this Women's Department would be treated as a great new accomplishment for women, possibly to take Carter off the hook on the Equal Rights Amendment. All that last morning, the chair stalled, Bella kept reading announcements, introducing people; with a noon deadline for adjournment, the conference was an hour and a half late getting started. Plane departure times were nearing before a vote finally was called for. A move was made to extend closing time until 3 pm but the most ardent feminists joined the right wing delegates in their practical need to get home as planned. ("We all have to defrost our turkeys," one said.) The Women's Department was soundly defeated.

The real implementation that should have been discussed and adopted at that unprecedented gathering of women from all 50 states was the economic boycott of states that refuse to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment—and extension of that boycott from conventions to individual travel.

The women went home from Houston, elated at the realization of their breadth and diversity, their unity and their strength, their new confidence and skill and respect for each other—and their ability not to be provoked by their sworn enemies or coopted by their sworn friends. It was heady, invigorating, and infused the whole movement with new energy. The "Plan" has no power whatsoever over Congress or the President. Whether or not any of it gets translated into new law—or enforcement of laws already on the books—probably depends, to be blunt, on the power of organizations like NOW, and the League of Women Voters, and AAUW and BPW and the churchwomen and the union women to achieve, within the next year and three months, ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. The media, for the most part, reported Houston seriously and reported the ploys of Phyllis Schlafly for what they were. In the end, the Houston conference delivered its own promise: a new and visibly broad commitment to the goals of equality for women. Look at it as a kind of Woodstock of women, a happening that may never, and may never need to, happen again. What were we all so afraid of? If we didn't have Phyllis Schlafly to bring us together, we would have to invent her. Never underestimate the real power of women.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Epiphany

. . . to Adams the dynamo became the symbol of infinity . . . Before the end, one began to pray to it; inherited instinct taught the natural expression of man before silent and infinite force. Among the thousand symbols of ultimate energy, the dynamo was not so human as some, but it was the most expressive.

The Education of Henry Adams

Close Encounters of the Third Kind (Columbia) is not so much a film as an event in the history of faith. Seventy years ago Henry Adams saw it coming, in its quintessence, just as J.M.W. Turner's paintings of steel furnaces 160 years ago foresaw the electronic-nuclear age. More and more, the motions of science have been utilized by fiction, more assiduously in fiction than in pure science itself, to represent a "silent and infinite force," to fill the growing theological vacancies in the Western world. Heaven with a capital H is being replaced by the heavens, and the fiction of the field is a chief pulse in the change.

Science fiction is ancient—the usually given starting date is the second century A.D. with the work of Lucian of Samosata. Then the line is traced exiguously through the centuries until the intensification in the periods of Verne and Wells. The graph leaps up around 1940: there were five SF magazines in the US in 1938, 13 in 1939, and 22 in 1941. (See Kingsley Amis's *New Maps of Hell.*) It hardly seems strained to connect that surge with political events of the time, with some increase in terrestrial despair.

Ten years later, in the early 1950s, I was editor-in-chief of a firm that, among other kinds of books, published an SF book every month, so I had first-hand evidence of the strong, steady, increasingly discriminating appetite for science fiction. By then it was a commonplace that SF was the field where unfettered speculation could precede factual scientific accomplishment: we heard stories of the FBI's shock in the war years when an SF magazine published fiction that uncannily predicted the Manhattan Project. There was a belief that SF was the best place for contemporary satire by extrapolation (a favorite word) into the future: *e.g.*, the way that advertising agencies rule the universe in *The Space Merchants* by Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth. And there was the religious-theological aspect of SF, which was the most interesting to me, had long been present in the field, and was brought to a new height by Arthur C. Clarke's novel *Childhood's End* in 1953. In that story the Overlords, creatures from outer space who are much more intelligent than humans, finally decide that humans have progressed to the point where it's worthwhile to visit the earth and take over. (The last line of Clarke's prologue: "The human race was no longer alone." The advertising slogan for *Close Encounters:* "We are not alone.")

In the film world the passion for SF began at just about the moment that the first camera-crank turned. From the work of Georges Méliès before the turn of the century until today, the technical comforts of the film medium have made the marriage with SF fated and happy. Every kind of SF, from stories built on data to the wildest fantasy, has been plentifully filmed. My personal grievance is that, though SF is so well fitted to the medium, not many of these films have meant much to me.

That's precisely relevant to the effect of *Close Encounters.* I'm not an SF-film fan. The two big SF hits of the last 10 years, *2001* and *Star Wars*, were differently boring, I thought. The first was technically ingenious but so infatuated with its ingenuity that it lapsed into stupor. The second was a consciously juvenile work, with a repellent, cooked-up, kids-again, moral freshness. So I was not aching to see *Close Encounters*, especially since I had disliked the previous work of its director, Steven Spielberg. His first feature, *The Sugarland Express*, had seemed facile, fake-honest naturalism. His second, *Jaws*, was made for one purpose, to scare, and flopped with me because it was so clumsily done. I was utterly unprepared for this third kind of close encounter with Spielberg. I was particularly unprepared for the last 40 minutes of this 135-minute film, in which two things happen. First, and less important, the SF film reaches its pinnacle to date. Second, the movement of SF as vicarious religion and the movement of (what I've called) the Film Generation meet, unify, and blaze.

The script, written by Spielberg, is not much. It's like a 19th-century opera libretto: it serves as an armature, with some passable and some feeble devices, on which to string a progressive series of splendors that are part of, yet distinct from, the story. The plot functions to make two people aware of and affected by UFOs: Richard Dreyfuss, an Indiana power-company employee, and Melinda Dillon, a neighbor (widow? divorcée?) with a small son. Dreyfuss forgets wife and children in his obedience to psychic clues about the place of a forthcoming major UFO landing. Dillon's little boy has been snatched up in a whirlwind created by a UFO visit, so she has a strong interest in getting to that major landing place.

They and some other people are psychically haunted by two phenomena: a five-note tune and the shape of a mountain. The US government, publicly disclaiming the seriousness of all this, has nevertheless taken the tune as a

Films Worth Seeing

Julia. Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards, and Jane Fonda, in that order of excellence, do much to knock the stuffing out of this upholstered version of Lillian Hellman's memoir.

Let Joy Reign Supreme. Witty, sexy, intelligent, and mordant. Bertrand Tavernier, who made *The Clockmaker* about modern France, goes deftly back to the French court of 1720 with some of the same superb actors.

One Sings, The Other Doesn't. Agnes Varda deals with the friendship of two young Frenchwomen today. The best film so far about New Women, warm, unpolemical, effective.

The Turning Point. On the whole, it's a hole, but this ballet story has Baryshnikov, dancing unbelievably and acting believably, as well as some other splendid dancers.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

signal of greeting and the shape as a sign of where the meeting will take place—a huge wind-carved butte in Wyoming. After the government sets up a false panic to clear inhabitants out of hundreds of square miles, they secretly build a special airfield below the butte. To that guarded rendezvous point, Dreyfuss and Dillon fight and sneak their way. There, after a heralding crescendo of small space ships, the gigantic flagship of the outer-space fleet lands. That landing and the exchanges that follow occupy the last 40 minutes, and—blue-white under the night sky, immense, beautiful—they form one of the most overpowering, sheerly cinematic experiences I can remember.

François Truffaut, who figures prominently throughout the film, has the key moment in that sequence. He is a French scientist who believed that some day contact would be made and who tracked down evidence all over the globe. (One of Spielberg's best-directed sequences is Truffaut's visit to India, to question a mass of people who are chanting that outer-space tune—a sequence that courses excitingly with its huge cast and moves to a climactic gesture.) The fact that most of Truffaut's dialogue has to be translated or subtitled, in an English-language film, provides an advance node of the greater difficulties of extraterrestrial exchange; and Truffaut himself, with his sensitive face and warm personality, helps to certify the humane base of the enterprise.

It seems right that he should be the one to make the first personal contact with the visitors. I don't want to describe too much: although there'll be some pleasure in seeing this film a second or third time, the first time needs its quota of discovery. I'll say only that I thought Spielberg had made his first serious mistake when he let the outer-space creatures actually emerge from their ship, but that I was proved wrong by Truffaut's brief exchange with one of them.

From the very opening sequence, in which some old US military planes that had mysteriously disappeared 30 years earlier are discovered intact in the middle of a Mexican desert sandstorm, the sound-track establishes that it's going to be a major part of the film's presence—in a wide stereophonic range. Frank Warner was in charge of the sound, John Williams provided a score that magnifies pop strophes into magnificence. (It's crucial that you see this film in a stereophonically equipped theater with a true Panavision screen.) Some of those who have panted like puppies about Robert Altman's use of overlapping sounds have complained that Spielberg's track is sometimes jumbled. Altman's sound complexities often seem to me attempts to create complexity where none really exists. The *Close Encounters* track provides *in its very method* an analogue of the emotional states caused by the UFOs. It's always subtly shaded, from the large to the intimate, to convey the right planes of space, and the frequent overlays always convey something clear in their seeming frenzy. I was not only never confused by the sound-track, I was happily engulfed by it.

Visually—and visually it's nearly perfect—*Close Encounters* is the work of many hands and eyes. Spielberg himself is credited with the original visual concepts; they were executed, and then some, by Douglas Trumbull, most celebrated for his work on *2001*. The director of photography was Vilmos Zsigmond, but additional photography was done by William Fraker, Douglas Slocombe, John Alonzo, and Laszlo Kovacs. This is amazing. Each of these men is a recognized cinematographer in his own right. I know of no such previous ensemble of cinematographic stars; yet the film is seen with visual consistency throughout. The list of all other associates—camera, effects, design, sound and so forth—is about nine times as long as the list of featured actors. This proportion seems quite right for the film: the non-actors are the central performers. And, with no rudeness to Spielberg, they help to explain the difference in quality between his earlier pictures and this one. (I saw *Close Encounters* at its first public screening in New York, and most of the audience stayed on and on to watch the credits crawl lengthily at the end. For one thing, under the credits the giant spaceship was returning to the stars. For another, they just didn't want to *leave* this picture. For still another, they seemed to understand the importance of those many names to what they had just seen.)

What happened here? Basic, I think, to some understanding is the fact that, at this moment, there is not one smallest scrap of hard *proof* that any life of any kind exists out there. There are logical inferences and statistical assumptions, there are plentiful rumors and reports, there is hope. Hope, obviously, implies need. That need runs, as it does in all matters of faith, far ahead of proof.

The long, last, thrilling scene overpowers us because, given any reasonable chance to be overpowered by it, we *want* to be overpowered by it. The film does everything in idea and execution to make it possible. Outer-space creatures, if they ever come, may in fact prove to be malevolent, or stupider than we are. Those possibilities are not part of the faith. We need them to be benevolent and brighter, and that's what *Close Encounters* gives us.

Inevitably the film was made by a young man—Spielberg is just 30. He is right in the heart of an American generation that grew up with revised attitudes toward film and electronic media, with those media as refuge, as structures of self and fantasy before they even *got* to the function of communication. If Spielberg is what's called a post-literate, he has the strengths as well as the defects of post-literacy. The modern self that he represents may be straitened, even narcotized, as against the historical self of Western tradition, but that self, forlorn religiously, distraught politically, finds its consoling expression in the size and shaking powers of the finale of this film. That finale doesn't bring us salvation—there is no hint of what will come out of the encounter—it brings us companionship. We are not alone. That belief seems potent in itself, if not all that one could possibly want, and the film makes the belief believable. The way to faith seems to be through the transubstantiation of the 12-track Panavision film.

So we come back to Henry Adams, to what he envisioned in the dynamo. One of the chief attractions of the film form for the Film Generation is, I think, that an art dependent on technology seems the most fitting means of expression for an age dominated by technology. The finale of *Close Encounters* is a dazzling epiphany of that idea. The technology of the film makes the faith tenable, but the technology itself becomes indistinguishable from what it is conveying. Prayers are being answered by the act of answering. It's not a case of the medium being the message; the medium is a function of the recipient, the audience, through its delegates, Spielberg and company. We made the technology that is making the answer, as we made the dynamo in which Adams foresaw the new divinity. If there is no god in heaven, we have created something that can create something to bring us at least a little peace.

To be in that huge theater at the first public showing, to hear the exclamations and applause all during the film, was to see the audience's self-ordained

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

god dispensing miracles of reassurance. Even though nobody really knows whether there's any life out in space, during those 40 minutes our technology made us masters of unimaginable cosmic mystery. A black man, walking out ahead of me after the picture, said to his companion, "I feel *good*, man, I feel *good*."

So, certainly, did I. It has worn off to a great extent, but I know that I can go back to that film again and get the feeling again, through technology. The materialism that so severely circumscribed the spiritual in the last few centuries has moved out of the material into magic.

John Canaday on art

Four Current Exhibitions

Is it naive of me to be impressed by the sophistication of the art public today in this country? Not long ago I would have said that the crowds traipsing through the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art were neither absorbing culture (as they hoped) nor responding in any knowledgeable way to what they saw. One explanation of their numbers was that the Metropolitan offered free entertainment for the whole family, and museums that charged fees charged only small ones. Now it costs a "suggested" two dollars for an adult to get into the Metropolitan, with the same fee required at the Modern. Even so, you have to stand in line for more than an hour on peak days to see the exhibition of early medieval Irish art at the Met, and on a recent Saturday you would have been one of 7499 visitors to the Cézanne exhibition—his late work only—at the Modern.

Neither of these shows is luring its audience through the kind of associative non-art values that made the Modern's Vincent van Gogh exhibition its first record-breaker. Cézanne never cut off his ear, and nobody ever wrote a romanticized tale called *Lust for Anglo-Hibernian Life*. These crowds have come to look at art, and not easy art at that. The reason it takes so long to get into the Irish show is that the visitors, once in, won't get out. They are enthralled by the early medieval goldsmithery and, even more, by the manuscripts. There is a subsidiary line-up in front of the Book of Kells. At the Cézanne show they are sweating it out, edging through the crowd, to get a look at works from the most difficult period of the 19th-century's most difficult artist.

By contrast, you rattle around in the Jasper Johns retrospective at the Whitney. But this, too, I regard as evidence of the public's new sophistication. To have given Jasper Johns a fair shake and decided that he is not for you, is possibly an even more sophisticated attitude than that of his fans who have followed him long enough and appreciatively enough to know that his retrospective adds up to a kind of honorary degree, a matter of prestigious recognition with no revelation involved. The sparse attendance reflects no downgrading of Mr. John's preeminent position in the current history of American art, nor any decline in his fluent inventiveness and painterly grace. The thing is, that nobody who has had any interest at all in American art of, say, the past 15 years has anything to learn from a Jasper Johns retrospective. Each moment of this conspicuous career has been so widely publicized, with attendant exhibitions in galleries and museums, and color reproductions in books and magazines everywhere, that the Whitney's quite sound recapitulation necessarily has a stale flavor. There is no temptation to linger in front of these familiar bronze beer cans and billboard-size paintings except to take a good look at an old favorite—in my case, the big "White Flag." The excitement is gone. Yesterday's rapscallion now cuts a very bland figure—rather to his relief, I imagine, since, unlike his neo-dada and proto-pop colleague, Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns has never been a personal showman.

A friend of mine, a dealer in immediately contemporary art, said the other day, "Isn't it amazing to think that an early Cézanne is now a hundred years

"Just now, *The Notebooks of Edgar Degas* is my favorite book, and I see no prospect of exhausting its riches, ever."
—JOHN CANADAY in *The New Republic.*

The Notebooks of Edgar Degas

A Catalogue of the Thirty-Eight Notebooks in the Bibliothèque Nationale and Other Collections

Theodore Reff

"You have to be a Degas fan to get prickles up your spine before you even open the two volumes of the notebooks as I did. But once you get into them... anyone with any interest in Degas or in art in general must be fascinated."—JOHN CANADAY

Professor Reff has collected Degas's thirty-eight notebooks (hitherto unpublished as a whole) into two handsome volumes and provided a substantive introduction. The notebooks provide a virtually continuous record of Degas's activities and projects.

THEODORE REFF is Professor of Art History at Columbia University, and was the Guest Curator for the Degas Exhibit, Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1977.

1977 442 pp. in two vols.; over 1,250 halftones; 4 full-color plates $97.50 the set

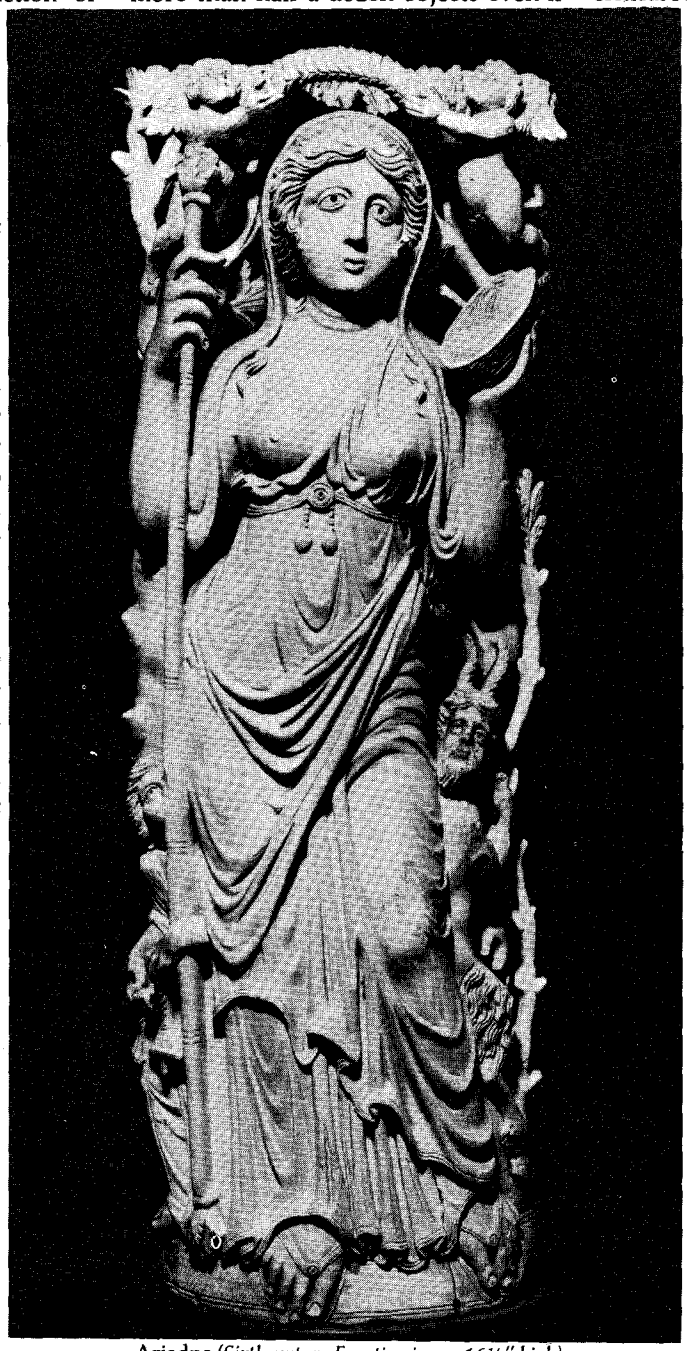
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

old?" (Cézanne's early style was formed by 1866.) Even more amazing is that when the Museum of Modern Art held its initial exhibition, dedicated to the post-impressionist quartet of van Gogh, Seurat, Gauguin and Cézanne, Cézanne was a vague figure to the general art public. The distortions of his late work, particularly the bather series, were bothersome to most people, incomprehensible in the first place, and often seeming ugly as well. The first reaction now—and this is the reaction of a very wide public, not a public composed of scholars, students, and art buffs—is that the late Cézannes are, first of all, beautiful—simply and unequivocally beautiful to look at.

Behind this immediate reaction of sheer optical delight lies an innate perception of Cézanne's grandeur, his structural experiments and processes, which the exhibition's installation accentuates. In a very definite way, this climactic exhibition is a tribute to the Museum of Modern Art's record as this country's (in fact, the world's) most potent educational force in the understanding of modern art, a tribute that carries with it absolution for whatever excesses this or that curator has committed from time to time in sponsoring certain artists' opportunistic eccentricities and offering them to the public as significant developments.

There is a chance that attendance figures at a fourth exhibition, which will have opened by the time this article appears, might force me to scale down my euphoric estimate of public response. "The Age of Spirituality" at the Metropólitan (which I have seen in preview) is a staggering collection of late antique and early Christian art from the third to the seventh century. Are you drawing a momentary blank? Third to seventh century? Don't feel alone. Within their 500 years, a period roughly equal in time span to the stretch between Lorenzo the Magnificent and Jimmy Carter, Leonardo da Vinci to Jasper Johns, these most obscure of art-centuries include such Byzantine monuments as Hagia Sophia and the Ravenna churches, and the Early Christian churches in Rome, yet there are very few people who could name one work of art from each of those five centuries. There are 450 examples in the Metropolitan's show—mosaics, manuscripts, jewelry, embroidery, woven textiles, enamels, glass—the glass is astounding technically—and sculpture in just about every medium except plastic and neon tubing: gold, silver, bronze, ivory—lots of ivories—marble, onyx, chalcedony. The mélange of subjects includes pagan, Christian, Jewish, and Mithraic themes, along with secular art. Looking at this glorious mixture you are likely to ask yourself "Where have I been all this time?" The chances are that you will not recognize more than half a dozen objects even if you remember your college art survey better than most people do.



Ariadne *(Sixth century Egyptian ivory, 16½" high).*
Courtesy The Metropolitan Museum of Art, lent by the Musée de Cluny, Paris.

The sources of the loans make a staggering list. There's the Jonah sarcophagus relief among other Vatican loans; the ivory diptych of Christ Enthroned Between Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and The Virgin Enthroned Between Angels, from the Staatliche Museum, Berlin; the ivory Archangel Michael from the British Museum—these as standard textbook examples. There are mosaics from that fantastic museum, the Bardo in Tunis; manuscripts from the Bibliothèque Nationale. On and on. The Russians alone refused to cooperate in this huge venture, miffed, no doubt, by the unfavorable critical response to last year's exhibition, also at the Met, of Soviet realism. American museums are revealed as unexpectedly rich in the field, what with Cleveland's set of Early Christian marbles, Cincinnati's Mithraic relief (Mithras Slaughtering the Bull), and an Egyptian relief of the second half of the fifth century representing a personification of the Nile, that could be placed alongside those superlative Romanesque sculptures at Autun, harmoniously. This one is from Kansas City.

My one objection to the exhibition is its title. "The Age of Spirituality" would apply more accurately to the Irish show, which, by coincidence, picks up where this late-classical-early-Christian show leaves off. "The Age of Spirituality" struck me as about as unspiritual a collection of objects as could be assembled as representative of any century before the 18th. The idea back of the title is that during the third to seventh centuries the seed for the spirituality of medieval art was sown, but stylistically the emphasis is on opulence, preciousness, and display.

"Stylistically," I have written. But there is no single style here. The allure of late Helenistic forms is sometimes combined in a single work with the near-primitive directness of certain Early Christian sculptures, as in an Egyptian Ariadne, a sixth-century ivory on loan from the Cluny Museum in Paris, where the grace-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ful carving of the drapery is contradictorily surmounted by a face of Coptic severity, as if the carver had not understood the classical forms that elsewhere he employed so lovingly. The public's response to this unexpected exhibition will be a measure of just how far our new sophistication can carry us.

The closing dates of the four shows are as follows:

Cézanne, Jan. 3, then to Houston and Paris; Irish, Jan. 15, then to San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Boston, and Philadelphia; Jasper Johns, Jan. 15 for half the show, Jan. 22 for the rest, then to Cologne, Paris, London, Tokyo and San Francisco; Age of Spirituality, Feb. 12—only in New York.

This means that until January 3 all are visible at once. Worth the trip to New York—and so far as I have heard, no visitors have been mugged or raped in the galleries, just jostled a little bit.

James Lardner on television

No one can accuse the folks who run the major television networks of letting their emotions get the better of their judgments. When Freddie Prinze (of *Chico and the Man*) shot and killed himself last January, for instance, did NBC cancel the show in its grief? Not on Freddie's life! No sir, the word promptly went forth that there was an opening for yet another lovable, wise-cracking young Latino. And the leftover episodes with Prinze himself were broadcast right on schedule. When Diana Hyland (of *Eight is Enough*) succumbed to cancer, ABC calmly turned her on-the-air husband into another in television's long tradition of over-extended bachelor fathers. (He has since remarried.) And while no fatalities were involved, NBC actually lost both principal players on *Sanford and Son*, and nevertheless found it in its corporate heart to reconsecrate and rededicate the show under the new title *Sanford Arms* (since cancelled).

The one emotion, see, that figures prominently in television's decision-making process, is fear. Fear of audience indifference. Fear of cancellation. And a show's boosters can get cancelled right along with the show itself. How much less chancy for all concerned, then, to strive to pump one more year's life into last season's ailing hit than to gamble on something new and different—or even something new and the same.

This is a decision arrived at again and again in the cushier offices of our major networks. That's why we still have *All in the Family* and *Kojak* long after these once provocative and unusual shows have outlived their usefulnesses. And as noted earlier, it's why we still have *Chico and the Man* without Chico, and for a time had *Sanford and Son* without Sanford and without Son.

You may be curious to know just how one of these crippled denizens of prime-time is faring on life-support. Well, since you ask, it so happens that in the best spirit of investigative journalism—the spirit that sent Stanley after Livingston, and Lincoln Steffens after the Robber Barons, and Woodward after Bernstein—I paid a visit recently to the 1977-78 edition of *Chico and the Man*, and came back to file the following report:

Chico, a youth of Latin extraction, has moved in with an elderly coot called Ed, who appears to live in a garage. Chico's aunt from Spain, played by Charo (formerly Mrs. X. Cugat), the Spanish-speaking world's answer to Zsa Zsa Gabor, comes to claim him. But first she must contend with Ed, aka "The Man," played by an actor named Jack Albertson. There is much joshing and joking about Aunt Charo's physical attributes; *i.e. . .*

Charo: You haven't seen me before.
Ed: No, this is the first two times.
and
Charo: He is my own flesh and blood.
Passerby: I don't know about blood but she got enough flesh for two relatives.
and
Charo: I will take him under my tutelage.
Ed: You could get the Boston Symphony Orchestra under your tutelage.

The upshot is Chico decides he would rather stay in southern California than go to sunny Spain. "Without Uncle Ed," he says, "I will always be alone."

Upon this denouement, the studio audience applauds vigorously. (In fact, they applaud vigorously whenever any member of the cast, no matter how minor, enters or exits.)

Now the four writers who put that script together must have been four very tired writers. And can you blame them? There are only so many possible variations on the theme of a lovable, wise-cracking young Latino rooming with an old sourpuss in a garage. I can't bring myself to hold the writers responsible; I blame the executive or executives who insisted on renewing the series. If anything, the writers deserve high marks for their integrity in adhering to the show's original tone, when they could so easily have taken a cue from the *All in the Family* writers and given us an episode full of shock value, like "Chico, Migrant Farmworker" or "Chico Gets Sexually Molested."

This season's most popular ethnic group is, by leaps and bounds, the Irish. Besides *The Fitzpatricks* and *Mulligan Stew* and *Young Joe Kennedy* (about which less later), we now have NET's long-awaited *The Best of Families*, otherwise known as *Upstairs, Downstairs and Mezzanine*, a three-tiered account of life in late-19th-century Brooklyn. Like the unfortunate *Beacon Hill*, *Best of Families* suffers from a massive dose of the influence of *Upstairs Downstairs* unaccompanied by any comparable infusion of writing, acting or directing talent. It is not easy to articulate why the series has been such rough going so far, but it may have something to do with the frequency in the early

Peter Milton:
Complete Etchings
1960-1976
A catalogue raisonné—fully illustrated
Edited by Kneeland McNulty
Printed by Meriden Gravure
Cloth **23.95** — *Paper* **13.95**
Impressions Workshop & Gallery
27-29 Stanhope Street
Boston, MA 02116 617-262-0783

PETER HELCK
Dean of Automotive Illustrators
5 Original etchings of historic road races, numbered and signed by the artist. Unframed prints $75.
Send for illustrated prospectus:
Documentary Editions Limited
29 Stanhope St., Boston, MA 02116, (617) 262-4114

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

episodes with which characters are encountered singing "Sweet Molly Malone." (Those few characters who are not singing "Sweet Molly Malone" are humming it instead.)

Was this the only song Irish-Americans knew in Brooklyn in the 1880s? Probably it was, given the impressive roster of names on *The Best of Families'* Advisory Board. Among those names, incidentally, I noted that of the playwright William Alfred, which called to mind a splendid NET adaptation of his *Hogan's Goat*, with Faye Dunaway, a few years back. Perhaps if Alfred, who knows 19th-century Brooklyn better than most of us know our chests of drawers, had been engaged to write rather than merely to advise . . . Perhaps if the producers had narrowed their focus slightly and, say, given us an adaptation of David McCullough's *The Great Bridge* instead, a book with a story as well as a setting . . . On the other hand, I can appreciate that recreating the building of the Brooklyn Bridge could run into some money.

One half-Irish show has already come and gone this fall, namely *Rossetti and Ryan*, which was conspicuous for being the season's only new (or old) lawyer series. Although the two lead characters were virtually indistinguishable from each other—save that one was portrayed by a funnier actor (Anthony Roberts)—this was an amiable series with promise. I was particularly fond of an episode about a woman, played by Eva Gabor, charged with murdering all five of her ex-husbands. When it came time for Rossetti or Ryan—I forget which—to plead with the court for pre-trial release, he noted passionately that the defendant should not be regarded as a danger to society as a whole, but "only to that part of society which happens to be married to her." The rest of the series was conducted on approximately the same high plane, but there was nothing Rossetti or Ryan could do to stimulate public interest in their further exploits.

R and R's demise, incidentally, leaves *The Tony Randall Show* as the only current series with a legal—or, more precisely, a judicial—background. When scripts and fellow actors permit, Randall can be enormously funny as Judge Walter Franklin of the Philadelphia criminal court, a role thankfully not far removed from the incompetent who associated with Rock Hudson and Doris Day in the '50s. One early episode last year had Judge Franklin locked in the messy business of choosing a law clerk, and voicing his mounting disgust with a procession of clean-cut young legal beagles. The most disgusting of the lot was a prissy individual who introduced himself as "Mario Lanza."

"Oh?" said Randall, raising his eyebrows. "Are you related?"

"To whom?" replied Mario.

The show's writers can be forgiven, I feel, for never quite returning to that same level of brilliance, but they have come close on a couple of occasions, and if we keep watching, who knows what's in store?

It is a shame that the automobile manufacturers and their ad agencies have abandoned last year's practice of employing has-been Latin heart-throbs to give oozing, and sometimes musical, testimonials.

I, for one, sorely miss Ricardo Montalban on the subject of the "surprisingly affordable Cordoba," and I am concerned for the careers of both Sergio Franchi (Plymouth Volaré), and Louis Jourdan (Dodge Monaco).

This season's car commercials seem a

¡Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now, *you* can learn to speak Spanish just like these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course.

The U.S. Department of State has spent tens of thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish *immediately*.

The Programmatic Spanish Course consists of a series of tape cassettes and an accompanying textbook. You simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. The course begins entirely in English. But by its end, you'll find yourself learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

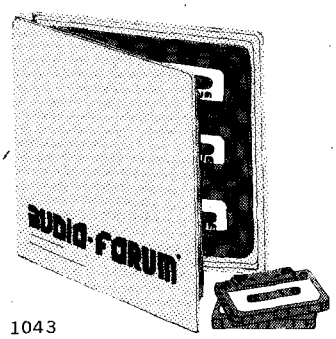
The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes:

- Volume I, Basic. Tapes 901-910 (10 cassettes, 16 hours) and 464-page text, $107
- Volume II, Advanced. Tapes 911-918 (8 cassettes, 11½ hours) and 614-page text, $86

Your cassettes are shipped to you in handsome library binders.

TO ORDER, just clip this ad and mail it with your name and address, and a check or money order. Or, charge to your credit card (American Express, Bank-Americard, Master Charge) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is *unconditionally guaranteed*. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's *the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish*, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid! Order today!



1043

SA854

AUDIO-FORUM®

901 N. Washington St., Dept. 1043, Alexandria, VA 22314

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bland lot by comparison, although Fiat's are certainly full of zip, and there is a Jaguar S-Type ad which includes the claim that the vehicle "seems impervious to the laws of physics." Maybe it's just me, but until that ad I had grown rather resigned to the laws of physics, almost complacent about them, you might say.

Books Considered

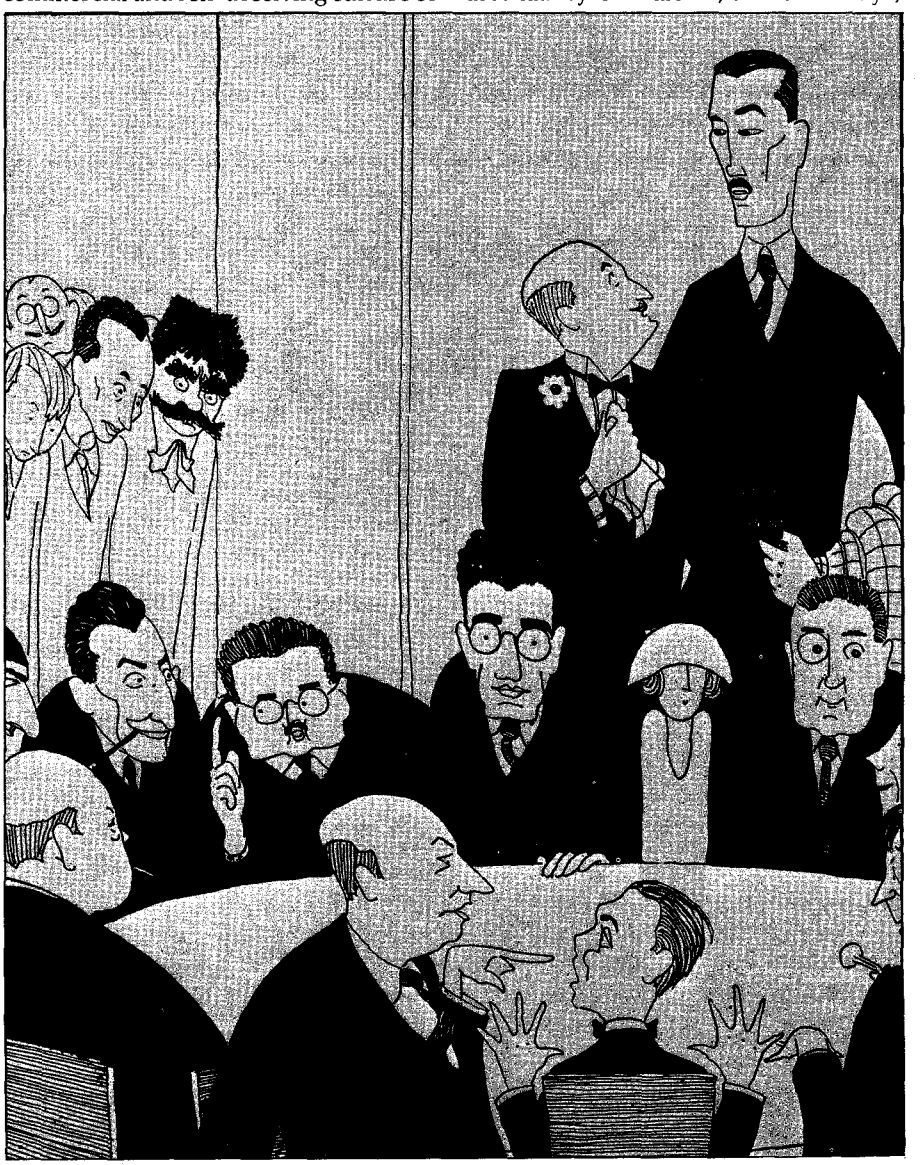
Wit's End: Days and Nights of the Algonquin Round Table by James R. Gaines

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

The Algonquin Round Table belongs to the mythology of American literary culture. Bristling with sharp conversation and nimble wit, those informal luncheons at New York's Algonquin hotel symbolize the modern spirit of the 1920s: good-bye to thin-lipped puritanism, earnestness, and frontier courage; here was urbanity, facile intellect, and fashionable fun. Bobbed hair and "sex appeal," frivolity and the flouting of pieties, buoyant commercialism and moral daring gave this new spirit its social style. Eliot and Hemingway added an air of world-weary wisdom, and Scott Fitzgerald created popular heroes, like Daisy Buchanan, who sighs, "I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything. And I *know*. Everything's terrible. Everybody thinks so—the most advanced people." And the Round Table (its regulars included Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woollcott, Heywood Broun, Robert Benchley, Harold Ross, George S. Kaufman, and Marc Connelly) invented and published many of the phrases and fashionable opinions that gave this spirit its fabled *smartness*.

James R. Gaines's brief, illustrated record of the Round Table's career views this smart, modern spirit against another characteristic of the '20s, which only later years could see: manic, blind passage toward disaster. Despite their conviviality, celebrity, and influence, the Round Table gatherings, so Gaines believes, helped thwart the promise and derail the lives of the participants. In the heyday of the Round Table (1920-1923), Van Wyck Brooks said of American writers: "The blighted career, the arrested career, the diverted career, are, with us, the rule," an idea echoed in Fitzgerald's remark that there are no second acts in American lives. Gaines sees the Round Table crowd falling into this pattern, and he seeks reasons why.

He finds his clues in the insidiously commercial and self-deceiving culture of the '20s. The Round Table itself originated not in the labors of artists and thinkers but in the genius of modern commerce. A mock ceremonial banquet staged by press agents (a new phenomenon in the literary life) at the Algonquin in 1919 for the theater critic of the *New York Times*, Alexander Woollcott, proved so successful at mingling agents and journalists that regular luncheons were held thereafter for over a decade. Woollcott remained at the center, but the table was frequented by many critics, writers, and performers drawn to it as the heart of New York literary culture. The true attraction was not the pleasure of stimulating company, it was publicity. As Woollcott said, "If you're going to do any good in New York, *you have to be noticed*." And noticed the Algonquinites were, their cleverness always razor-sharp and their ideas widely circulated, often through their own efforts, in the press, then at the height of its influence just before the ascendancy of radio. If, as Gaines says,



Courtesy of the Algonquin Hotel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their wit yielded "more sparkle than light," it could still dazzle, as in their word games that produced the likes of: "You can lead a horticulture but you can't make her think."

But Gaines remains uncharmed, convinced that the Algonquinites, almost without exception, bartered away their talents for the illusory delights of celebrity and money: in the "decade's continual skirmishes between vision and capital," they invariably took capital. And not only does he think their talents suffered, their very lives were twisted by the confusion of their private and public selves: Woollcott became a contemptible, egocentric caricature of himself; Benchley sank into easy Hollywood money, self-contempt, and premature death; Parker became suicidal, alcoholic, and bitterly out-lived her fame; Connelly's imagination went blank; Kaufman grew rich but not happy through repetitions of his standard formula; and so on. The Algonquinites themselves came to regard the Round Table years as wasted, foolish, and forgettable. "The Round Table," Parker said, "was just a lot of people telling jokes and telling each other how good they were. It was the terrible day of the wisecrack, so there didn't have to be any truth. Damn it, it was the twenties, and we *had* to be smarty."

This harsh light causes heavy shadows to fall across the group's very cleverness and seeming joys. Gaines explains their laughter and compulsive game-playing (including nearly incessant poker) as masks of their repressions and fears. Frustrated in love, sex, self-discipline, or life's purpose, these unhappy people fashioned gay lives and public appearances to soothe their spirits and obscure the truth.

The Round Table luncheons ended without notice in the early '30s because the group had gradually dissolved and the fast-living, supercilious '20s had passed into a more serious, even desperate decade. Gaines takes his symbol of the Round Table's fate from Parker's name for Woollcott's apartment: Wit's End. "The end of wit," he says, meaning the end of the Round Table, "was a resounding silence."

This, like much else in the book, is overstatement (it does not fit Kaufman or Ross, for example), and it betrays Gaines's easy moralism. For Gaines is an earnest man of the '70s who derides the commercial, popular culture that created the Round Table and seduced its talented habitués with the touch of fame and wealth. To be sure, the great American modernist writers of the '20s—Eliot, Pound, Hemingway, Stein, Faulkner, O'Neill, if not Fitzgerald—stayed clear of New York society and remained wary of commercial culture. And yet, if the Round Table was inhospitable to major imaginations, this signals all the more its own character and purpose: it was not a home for serious artists but for publicists. Gaines admits the Algonquinites "were among the first writing celebrities of a new mass culture"—or, as Edmund Wilson had put it, they were an "all-star literary Vaudeville." But Gaines balks at concluding the necessary: they depended for their success and very existence on the attributes of modernity he decries: the importance of publicity, celebrity, commerce, mass entertainment, gossip, standardized manners, and especially the interweaving of public and private selves.

"Where the 1920s may truly have marked a revolution," says the cultural historian Neil Harris, "was in the conflation of commercially designated stereotypes and personal experience." The Round Table group participated fully in this revolution by fueling the taste for gossip and supplying images of smart behavior and ideas. And they owed their success in this not just to their direct connections with the press; for they also, like all exemplars of popular culture, adroitly expressed and thus helped to standardize the commonplace, ephemeral, frequently intense experiences and emotions of modern life; and their debunking wit supplied just the weapon, or shield, as they confessed, to gird the eager yet uncertain modern self for its social encounters. Parker became the poet of this sly, defensive realism with such acid ditties as:

By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying—
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying.

Edmund Wilson correctly appraised Parker's poetry as having "the accent of the Hotel Algonquin" but "roots in contemporary reality," and he admired it for being "of her particular time and place." The same could be said of Kaufman's many successful comedies, Ross's *New Yorker*, the columns of Woollcott, Broun, F.P. Adams, and all the rest: they were of their time. Gaines's moralistic conclusion that the Algonquinites fell short of fulfilling themselves and broke their "promise to the '20s" by failing adequately to denounce mass, commercial culture is beside the point and at odds with his own recreation of the '20s, setting the Round Table at its heart. For the talents that flourished at the Algonquin belonged to this mass, commercial culture or to none.

James Sloan Allen

James Sloan Allen teaches European intellectual history at the Manhattan School of Music and the New School for Social Research.

Literature as Opera
by Gary Schmidgall

(Oxford University Press; $15.95)

In 1956 Joseph Kerman brought a new seriousness to the study of opera with a book that still remains the most rigorous and uncompromising examination of this much maligned artistic form. *Opera as Drama*, as its title implied, surveyed the operatic repertory from a single (and essentially literary) perspective: that of drama. It measured the most famous works of the lyric stage against the highest standards of dramatic excellence. Only a handful of works emerged from Kerman's scrutiny unscathed, while many of the most popular operas in the repertory stood ruthlessly exposed for their dramatic inadequacies.

In *Literature as Opera* Gary Schmidgall writes that he has undertaken "a kind of sequel and counterpart to Kerman's book." It is, as I will try to show, more counterpart than sequel. But it is a fully worthy counterpart. I can think of no higher praise.

A characteristically uncritical opera

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Challenge, stimulate and enlighten your students with THE NEW REPUBLIC in your classroom!

Special low rate!

***The New Republic*, America's leading journal of politics and the arts, makes ideal supplementary reading and discussion material for history, literature, government, international relations, economics.**

You may order for any period from a single week to a whole semester or school year. Your copies will arrive each week—*before the issue appears on the newsstands.*

- ***Students' Copies:*** **Only 35¢ each, for 10 or more mailed to the same address.**
- ***Instructors' Copies:*** **No charge.**

Please mount this coupon on your school letterhead—or use your own official order form.
(Minimum order—10 copies.)

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Attn: Circulation Manager
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Please supply *The New Republic* at your special classroom rate, as indicated:

_____student copies weekly @ 35¢.

____instructor copies weekly, no charge.

From _____ (date) to _____ (date)

Name _____

School _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

☐ Payment enclosed: $____ ☐ Bill me.

buff once said of Kerman that there were only seven operas he liked: Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, Gluck's *Orfeo*, Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* and *Magic Flute*, Verdi's *Otello*, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, and Berg's *Wozzeck*. The charge is silly. But it does suggest something of Kerman's extraordinary austerity. His book, quite clearly, was written in exasperation. What lingers in the reader's mind is less the praise lavished on opera's masterpieces than the withering criticism visited on its dramatic disasters. The most memorable line in the book is Kerman's description of *Tosca* as "that shabby little shocker." Not merely popular operas but works that enjoy high critical esteem, such as Strauss's *Rosenkavalier*, are pummeled unmercifully for their dramatic failings. Yet even at his most opinionated, Kerman's critical integrity is never in doubt, and his broadsides are always supported by the most exact identification of where and how the composer in question has gone astray.

If one takes Kerman to heart, his book can have a palpable and often disturbing effect on one's opera-going experience. A visit to see *Otello* is all the more moving, because one has been made conscious of the magnitude of Verdi's achievement. And an evening with *Tosca* or *Turandot* becomes an even greater test of endurance, since one has been alerted with painful precision to their falseness.

In between these extremes, however, there are a number of operas that continue to please even though they don't measure up to Kerman's dramatic standards. One is likely to feel slightly puzzled, perhaps even guilty, about one's enjoyment of them. The thought arises that it might be somehow depraved to get such pleasure out of, say, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which, even if Kerman doesn't explicitly include it among the damned, surely exhibits many of the dramatic deficiencies that he identifies in the works of Puccini and Strauss.

It is at this point that Gary Schmidgall comes to the bemused opera-goer's rescue, although not perhaps in quite the fashion that he intended to. Officially his book is a study of the process by which important literary works are translated into successful operas. He has incisive, often brilliant, things to say about this process of translation. But he does not succeed in persuading me that the quality of an opera's literary source bears any significant relation to the quality of the opera itself. Too many operatic masterpieces are based on literary trash, Mozart's *Magic Flute* being only the most spectacular example.

The real importance of Schmidgall's book lies in its powerful apology for certain operas and operatic genres that do not measure up to the single standard of dramatic excellence insisted on by Kerman. He suggests that we must complement that criterion with a second: the fidelity with which an opera reflects the cultural milieu out of which it emerged. In other words, he encourages us to listen to operas with not merely dramatic but also historical ears. The very best operas stand in no need of such historical sympathy. Their greatness is timeless. But once we leave their select company, Schmidgall's historical perspective is indispensable.

Literature as Opera is rather like a leisurely train ride through the valleys separating Kerman's operatic peaks (only two works, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Wozzeck*, are treated in both books). Thus between Monteverdi and Gluck Schmidgall draws our attention to Handel, who gave effective operatic expression to the 18th century's conception of the human passions. Between Mozart's *Figaro* and Verdi's *Otello* he presents compelling historical briefs for Donizetti *(Maria Stuarda* and *Lucia)*, Berlioz *(Benvenuto Cellini)*, the young Verdi *(Macbeth)*, and Tchaikovsky *(Eugene Onegin)*, each of whom embodied a particular strain within European Romanticism. Between Wagner's *Tristan* and Berg's *Wozzeck* he argues, somewhat more tentatively, for Strauss's *Salome*, which he links in complex fashion to the Decadent movement in literature. He ends by extending the historical apology virtually down to the present to include Benjamin Britten's *Death in Venice*, in which many of the paradoxes of modernism find operatic realization.

The alert reader will perhaps have detected a potential loophole in this plea that historical resonance, and not just dramatic truth, be admitted into operatic court. If we follow Schmidgall, are we not forced to extend our blessings to *Tosca* as well? Puccini, one might argue, merely articulated in operatic form a certain tendency within European Naturalism and therefore ought also to be a beneficiary of Schmidgall's historicism. Schmidgall avoids this problem simply by ignoring Puccini altogether, presumably on the grounds that none of his operas derives from a significant literary source.

The difficulty, fortunately, is not insuperable. It can be negotiated if we insist that even those operas that we defend on historical grounds have about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them the ring of authenticity. The single feature that distinguishes all of Schmidgall's composers, with the significant exception of Richard Strauss, is their complete sincerity: they all believed in the operas they were writing. Even those with relatively limited intellectual or musical resources—even Tchaikovsky and Donizetti—composed, as it were, truthfully. Their operas, accordingly, are honest reflections of a particular historical culture. By way of contrast, Puccini (and Strauss as well, I would argue) was plagued by meretriciousness, and never more so than in *Tosca*. He cannot be salvaged even by the more generous historical standard that Schmidgall brings to operatic history.

Literature as Opera succeeds brilliantly in establishing a critical viewpoint that, while more latitudinarian than Kerman's, is no less valid. In short, it is the most intelligent book on opera to appear in the last 20 years.

Paul Robinson

Paul Robinson teaches history at Stanford University.

The Annotated Frankenstein by Mary Shelley

(Charles Potter; $14.95)

My earliest brush with Frankenstein's monster was in the mid-1930s at a midnight showing of James Whale's movie, *Frankenstein*, with Boris Karloff. After the movie, our gang ran home, hearing footsteps, breathlessly closing the front door against the approaching Monster. That there was a novel behind this story, written by the teenage mistress of Percy Bysshe Shelley, was a later discovery. And that her odd and flawed novel would be of such fascination to provoke endless learned bibliographical and historiographical commentary is as mind boggling as the original story.

Unlike the Potter annotated *Dracula* book in 1975, this new annotated *Frankenstein* has had a recent (1974) competitor, edited by James Rieger for Bobbs-Merrill. Rieger includes variations and notes, comparing the 1818 text (as does Wolf) with the 1831 edition. Rieger's scholarly 26 page introduction is superior in all respects to Wolf's. The new Potter edition, however, with its lavish original illustrations as well as reproductions of old woodcuts and movie stills—all presented in a handsome oversized book—is likely to find a more popular audience for the Shelley novel which, despite the ubiquitous presence of the Frankenstein monster, is a story not well known.

The form of Mary Shelley's book is the familiar 19th-century series of letters, in this case from Captain Walton, ice-bound in the arctic north of Petersburg, to his sister in London, Mrs. Saville. Walton recounts in detail his experience in rescuing a certain Frankenstein, who was pursuing an outsized creature over the arctic ice by dog sled. In thawing out the near-frozen Frankenstein, Captain Walton is privileged to hear a tale that has become a minor classic in English literature and big business for over 45 years for the American and British film industry.

The consensus is that the 1818 edition is a better story than Mrs. Shelley's 1831 revision. Her preface in 1831, for example, downplays the role of her husband Percy in shaping the book. As one explores the Frankenstein literature and criticism, there seems to be a certain artificial hubris about this point that only the initiated can appreciate. According to John Rieger, Shelley's help was very important indeed. "His assistance at every point in the book's manufacture was so extensive that one hardly knows whether to regard him as editor or minor collaborator." Professor Wolf feels that this statement is overdone, that the changes she accepted from Shelley's written suggestions "are no more or less valuable," he states in his very first footnote, "than those that working writers accept from their editors."

Mary Shelley, the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, the early feminist, and William Godwin, political scientist and novelist, at the age of 18 eloped with Shelley to Europe in 1816. Mary remembered the summer in Switzerland as wet and uncongenial. She and Shelley were in Geneva, visiting with Lord Byron and his personal physician John Polodori, and to relieve the situation, it was Byron who suggested: "We will each write a ghost story." There are controversies about who motivated whom, what was actually produced during the period, but there is no dispute that during this moment, Mary Shelley found the inspiration for Frankenstein. "When I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me. . . . I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision,—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together." And some story it was. For those who have found their Frankenstein information mainly from the movies, it is worth hopping along with Professor Wolf, from one footnote to another, along the path the original 1818 story followed.

Victor Frankenstein was a bourgeois youth in Geneva, living a happy life with his family and secure in the knowledge that Elizabeth, his first cousin, would soon be his wife (in the 1831 version this blood relationship is changed to avoid any suggestion of incest). At the univer-

Mischling, Second Degree
My Childhood in Nazi Germany
by Ilse Koehn

"A remarkable document! ... Ilse Koehn resurrects the time, the place, the terror so vividly that once begun, it is impossible to stop turning the pages, and once finished, it is impossible to forget."
—Bel Kaufman

$7.95
A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB ALTERNATE SELECTION

greenwillow books
105 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

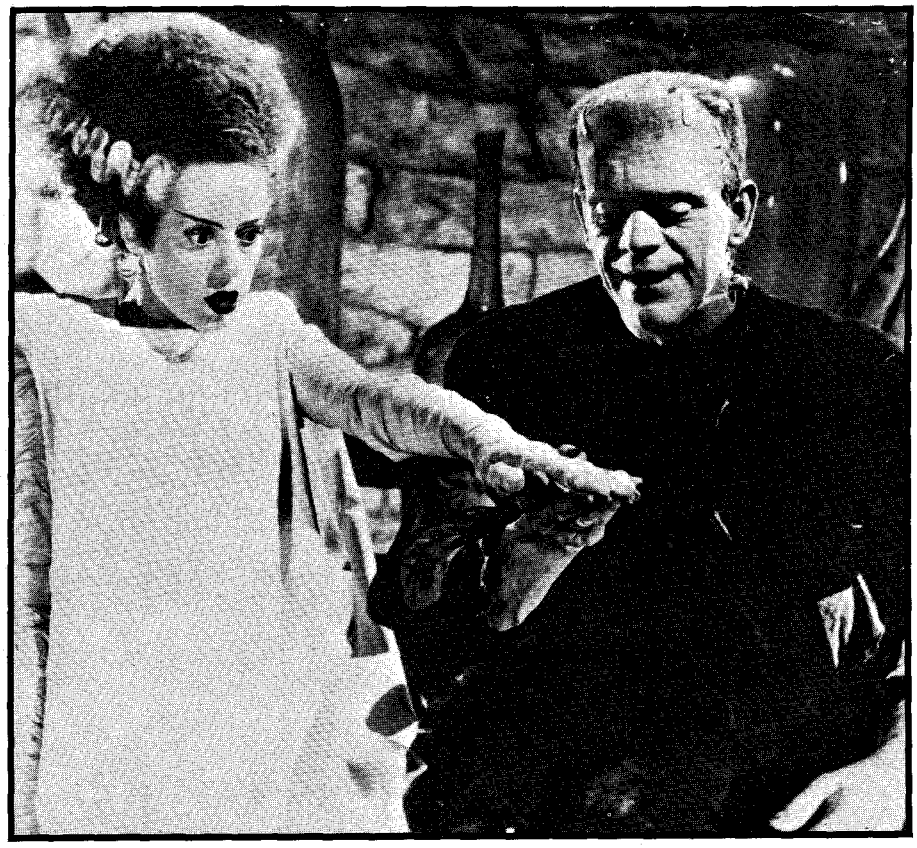
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sity in Ingolstadt Frankenstein in his pursuit of the natural philosophies is seized by the knowledge of the secret of the animation of life. Finally, his long and exhausting labors are rewarded: ". . . by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs."

Why the creature was so God-awful ugly fills the resident experts with glee. That it serves the working of the novel is self-evident. Mary Shelley's own childhood seems to be the dark answer. Her famous mother died within 10 days of her birth and her father "barely tolerated" her. In the many versions of Frankenstein, only the Christopher Isherwood-Don Bachardy version (*Frankenstein: The True Story*, produced for television in 1973) makes the creature handsome, bowdlerizing the original description: "His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful!" But the quote from Mary's book goes right on: "Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shriviled complexion, and straight black lips." (We learn in a Wolf footnote that Shelley used the phrase "straight black lips" in a poem, *The Wandering Jew*, written in 1810.)

Terrified by what he has done, Frankenstein flees and the monster disappears for a time, only to wreak vengeance against his unfeeling creator's family in Geneva, murdering Frankenstein's younger brother. Sensing the cause of his tragedy, Frankenstein repairs to his home and on a rainy, cloudy day encounters the object of his creative force. In this chapter, the monster recounts his early brushes with the civilized world, his happenstance opportunity to become literate, his development of hate and compassion. It is this aspect of the creature, his desire to be a part of the human race (in no version does he ever have a name), that is poignant and adds a dimension to the original Frankenstein that is lost in the grunts and groans of the standard Karloff version.

In his agony, the monster says to his creator: "I am thy creature. I ought to be thy Adam; but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall be virtuous."



Courtesy of the AFI Stills Collection.

It is passages such as these that present the moral issues involved in this potboiler classic, but also have created such a mine of bibliographical detail. One could, for example, dip into M.A. Goldberg's "Moral and Myth in Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein," *Keats-Shelley Journal* 8 (1959), 27-38. Or one could read a recent book by Martin Tropp, *Mary Shelley's Monster*, with considerable profit. Professor Wolf himself, however, is a responsible guide and is not likely to allow many stones to go by unturned. For example, on page 79, Frankenstein's boyhood friend Clerval remarks on how tired the overworked Frankenstein seems, fearing that he has been "watching for several nights." Wolf explains that this "watching" means keeping awake.

Refusing to meet the monster's demand that he create a wife for him, Frankenstein pays a heavy price. Clerval and then Frankenstein's bride Elizabeth are murdered by the monster. Ahab-like, Frankenstein pursues the monster everywhere, even finally into the wastes of the arctic. At the end of the story which he has been telling to Captain Walton, Frankenstein expires. Captain Walton is left to meet the pursued monster in the cabin of his ship where the dead Frankenstein lies in his coffin. Forewarned by Frankenstein, Walton does not accept the self-serving explanation of the monster's role in this world. "Evil thence forth became my good. Urged that far, I had no choice but to adapt my nature to an element which I had willingly chosen. The completion of my demoniacal design became an insatiable passion. And now it is ended. There is my last victim." And Walton finally replies: "It is not pity that you feel; you lament only because the victim of your malignity is withdrawn from your power."

And so this creature of deceit and bloody murder concludes: "I shall ascend my funeral pile triumphantly, and exult in the agony of torturing flames. The light of that conflagration will fade away; my ashes will be swept into the sea by winds. My spirit will sleep in peace; or if it thinks, it will not surely think thus. Farewell." The anomaly in this speech has been noted by Mr. Tropp among others: where will he find the wood for the crematory fire? In the final scene he disappears on his ice raft into the crashing arctic sea.

But never for long. There have been over three dozen Frankenstein movies and there is no sign that they will cease. As Mr. Rieger says, "If the myth has become tawdry and colloquial . . . that only proves that it is very much alive,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still stalking the landscape of our dreams." Or, as he put it elsewhere, "Nothing can be successfully vulgarized that does not hit home."

The ongoing relevance of Mary Shelley's story as we grow reluctantly older may simply be this: all of us during the course of our lives create our own monster, which then pursues us in deadly earnest. Now when we hear those echoing footsteps, our fright is real. We are indeed the victims of our own creation.

Robert J. Myers

Robert J. Myers is the author of several books about monsters.

The People Shapers by Vance Packard

(Little, Brown; $12.50)

One thing about Vance Packard. He's a mean man with a title. Or his editor is. Since 1957, we have learned from him about such threats to Western Civilization—he is not much concerned with the rest of the world—as *The Hidden Persuaders* and *The Waste Makers*, and about our own moral decay as *Status Seekers* and *Pyramid Climbers* in a *Nation of Strangers* wandering in a *Sexual Wilderness*. None of the Seven Deadly Sins about which Henry Fairlie cogently writes seems to have escaped Packard's (doubtless profitable) attention.

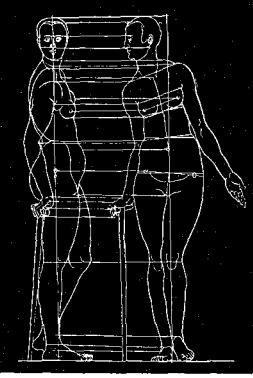
In *The People Shapers*, Packard retails a variety of techniques for "controlling behavior" that have become increasingly available to biological and social scientists. However useful genetic screening for sickle-cell anemia, the reduction in blood pressure by use of biofeedback techniques, or the life-prolonging results of organ transplants, there are dangers we must face, as such current controversies over genetic engineering ("recombinant DNA") and dying with dignity indicate. Packard is on target in his concern that there be strict control over the "behavior modification" of such captive audiences as prisoners, mental patients, and the aged; stern criteria over the administration of mood-modifying drugs to school children too readily labelled "hyperactive"; adequate safeguards on experiments in genetic engineering; greater attention to citizens' First Amendment guarantees in danger of being violated by unnecessary data collection and storage in computers; and some attempt to think through the social implications of custom-made test-tube babies, embryo transplants, human seed banks, artificial wombs, surrogate mothers to carry others' children, cross-species transplants of bodily organs, man-computer hookups, resetting biological clocks, cloning. The list is not exhaustive.

But things are not as grim as this book would make them seem. Most of the research Packard sees as directed to "reshaping Man" is scarcely the threat to individual freedom he would have us believe, and his invocation of the benign dictatorships of Huxley (1932), Skinner (1948), and Orwell (1949) is unwarranted. Reading Packard, one is almost convinced that our lives are indeed solitary, poor, nasty, and brutish—if no longer so short. Life, as Huxley put it, seems to be for Packard just "one damned thing after another."

And what would he have us do? One must assume Packard would like his readers to holler "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!" Or at least that we should like our lives to become "less mere." But Packard appears more comfortable as a confectioner of information, providing a few (rather obvious) caveats, along with a general affirmation of "responsible self-direction," "individual fulfillment," and the "dignity, strength, and importance of each individual." His vision of the soul's greatness seems to extend about as far as the Human Potential Movement.

Perhaps this is what his readers want. Packard presumably knows what he is about. For what other reason the patronizing explanations of rather common matters on one page, and his hitting the reader upside the head on the next, with unexplained scientific terms (*e.g.*, benzodiazepines, mesencephalon, am-

Why I Don't Write Like Franz Kafka



William S. Wilson

The spirit and vocabulary of modern science pervade these thirteen sharp or stringy arrangements of near-*non-sequitur* dialogue, almost-rambling memoir, and parodied professionales. And throughout—an ear for the frightening or ironic music in words.

—*KIRKUS*

Wilson does not waste a word in these challenging, difficult and quite interesting short stories. Each of the thirteen turns and twists and prods. What interests most is the new direction he seems to be seeking as he takes the commonplace and makes of it something uncommon.

—*PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*

$7.95 CLOTH

The Ecco Press 1 West 30th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001
(also distributed by Viking Press)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ygdala, serotonin)? Doubtless this enhances the authoritative tone Packard's readers have come to expect. (Apparently they also appreciate such *Reader's Digest*-style "humor" as "the four F's—fighting, feeding, fleeing, and sex. . .")

Packard's use of the mother tongue will go unremarked here; the *Times Sunday Magazine* would probably publish it. Of greater concern is the way he makes his case. One need only consult his back-of-the-book and marginal notes to recall his frustration: "apparent contradiction," "cheap shot," "cop out," "scare tactics," "rhetorical question," "straw man." Although the book reads easily, it is tiring. One has the feeling of having been at an intellectual garage sale. Certainly it is annoying to find unattributed quotations or summaries of positions purportedly taken on important questions by significant spokesmen, particularly when the footnotes that are provided—approximately one for every 3.87 quotations—give us *The New England Journal of Medicine* in one citation, and *Life* magazine in the next.

Few would disagree with Packard's reservations about some of the ways our new-found power to massage psyches and engineer biological and behavioral changes is being used. But his presentation is often so one-sided and oversimplified that the reader finds himself screaming "Objection!" into the margin of every other page. It is probably safe to assume that whatever is technologically possible will be done by someone, somewhere. But the leap to the conclusion that it will be done only by the bad guys—a close race between the Reds and the Mob for the title—is to approach an Ayn Rand parody.

Packard expresses dismay about the "emerging plastic image of man" resulting from the work of the behavioral gadgeteers. This is the topic of his first and last chapters, and a recurring theme of the book. (Rather surprising, since Packard's earlier work is predicated on just this assumption of malleability. One book—and position—at a time, it seems.) It seems Packard would welcome the control of an enlightened Big Brother, preferably in governmental guise, to shape up the people shapers. He is particularly exercised by those who argue, with Skinner, that freedom is itself an illusion, the result of operant conditioning. (Psychoanalysts arrive at the same conclusion, although they of course begin with very different premises, and are more careful about giving the game away.)

Packard seems unable or unwilling to grasp the essential point of behaviorists and analysts alike: man is more free if he can accept the limitations of his freedom, from causes over which he has no control, and set about changing his way of behaving, which leads to changes in the "self." We need not understand why we drink, seek identity in accomplishments or possessions, or find it so difficult to make lasting commitments. The behavior itself can be directly faced, and a decision to change made. As behavior changes, so does our way of looking at the world, regardless of whether we ever recognize what made us what we are. Each of us has been programmed. But old tapes can be erased, and new programs written. We are still not "free"—in the naive sense—but are exercising some choice over how constrained we will let ourselves be by the past, intent upon changing what we can now. By accepting the limitations on freedom, we are, paradoxically, *more* free. Without "plasticity," no change would be possible. The failure of Packard to clearly acknowledge this—indeed, to emphasize it for the many readers influenced (shaped?) by his books—is disappointing.

Robert Hassenger

Robert Hassenger is at Empire State College, where he directs the Independent Study Program of The State University of New York.

The Puritan Way of Death: A Study in Religion, Culture, and Social Change by David E. Stannard

(Oxford University Press; $11.95)

Of the groups composing our ancestry, the Puritans have not been one of the more admired. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was himself descended from a judge in the Salem witch trials, wrote that they were "of the most intolerable brood that ever lived"; other writers have habitually referred to them as vindictive and cruel; and to most people nowadays "Puritanism" evokes little more than an image of something gloomy and repressive. Such judgments, however, are accompanied by a certain uneasiness. If the Puritans were so unpleasantly fanatical, what cultural and religious traditions caused them to be that way? And more importantly, how did this "stern, black-browed" people come to play so vital a role in the development of modern American culture, as has often been contended?

These questions underlie most studies of the Puritans and David Stannard's *The Puritan Way of Death* is no exception. Thus, Stannard gives us a picture of the Puritans as a people "gripped individually and collectively by an intense and unremitting fear of death," instilling in the members of their community from earliest childhood onward a vision of death as a terrifying punishment for innate sinfulness. The questions which underlie this picture are: How did such fears originate and how much influence have they had on us? Was the Puritan "way" of death, as Stannard puts it, merely a cultural anomaly?

Stannard's answer to this latter question is, with some qualifications, yes. Thus, he argues that the intense fear of death that gripped the Puritans was a radical departure from earlier Christian optimism, which viewed death as a "release and relief for the earth-bound soul." Moreover, Stannard tells us, when Puritan culture declined around the early part of the 18th century, its characteristic "way" of death was already anachronistic, "at odds with the larger social world."

Such a viewpoint, though not preventing Stannard from giving us a scholarly, well-written, and thoughtful survey of the way the Puritans feared and faced death, is nonetheless inadequate. The Puritan "way" of death must be understood both as growing out of earlier Christian attitudes and as foreshadowing modern ones. Stannard, it is true, includes at the end of his survey a discussion of "death-denial," or the modern-day tendency to repress fears of death. Yet, he fails to relate this discussion in any substantive way to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Puritans. Such a failure is disappointing, for precisely what is lacking in most discussions of modern fears of death is an understanding of the cultural and religious tradition in which such fears have arisen. The Puritan "way" of death, though alien and distasteful to us in many ways, is a vital element of this tradition and has much to teach us about our own "way" of denial.

Stannard begins by placing Puritanism in the broad context of Christianity and the Reformation. Notwithstanding their "optimism," he notes that the Christians developed "a vision of Hell that surpassed virtually all other cultures in literal, horrific depiction of the fate awaiting the sinful." Similarly, Stannard's sketch of the Reformation makes clear that during this period the threat of eternal damnation loomed large in people's minds as a consequence of the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination. Denying the individual any way of determining whether or not he was avoiding damnation—and making it extremely improbable that he was—was simply an insidious way of intensifying its cruelty.

The intense fears of death which characterized Puritan culture, then, had precedent in the increasingly terrifying images of death presented in the earlier Christian tradition. What Stannard calls the "optimism" of this tradition is more accurately described, I think, by a sense of personal responsibility and individuality in the face of death—a sense which, far from strictly opposing fears around death, complemented them. Thus, while fear of death grew progressively from the Middle Ages to the Reformation to the days of the Puritans, so too did the notions of the immortality of the soul and personal "victory" over death (seen by the increased importance given to the individual in burial practices and ritual accompanying death). The idea of the individual as one who carried his fate in his own hands seems to have come into existence only with the heightening of the punishments and tortures he might endure after death.

The Puritans, and particularly the American Puritans, were heir to these complementary developments. The extraordinary fear of death which permeated Puritan culture was complemented by an equally extraordinary self-confidence and inner strength, qualities which were expressed in their view of themselves as "the vanguard of the movement now afoot in all of Christendom," while braving harsh and savage conditions in the New England wilderness.

Stannard provides a hint—without giving the complete answer—to what is at stake in these complementary attitudes when he speaks of the cultural milieu from which the Puritans emerged as being characterized by "shortsightedness"—that is, a foreignness to any modern notion of progress and an incapacity to promise and make commitments as a separate, moral being. The Puritans were a bridge, historically, between two different kinds of societies—that of the traditional one of the Middle Ages, based on obligation to the community, and that of modern society, based on the notion of the individual as a more separate unit within the community. Puritan society never departed from the traditional structure of society based on obligation to the community, but it did evolve within this structure the seeds of its own destruction—a high sense of personal conscience. Thus, when Hawthorne writes in *The Scarlet Letter* of "the wild, free atmosphere of an unredeemed, unchristianized, lawless region," he is talking about an internal region whose frontiers were just being explored at the time of the Puritans—the region of the individual. In the Middle Ages, a moral code had not yet been internalized by which the anti-social instincts could be repressed or sublimated; rather, this code had to be imposed externally. It is for this reason so many early societies, and particularly the Puritan one, meted out such harsh punishments for what are to us merely instances of trivial misconduct (for example, as Stannard tells us, the punishment for blasphemy in Massachusetts well into the 18th century included having one's tongue bored through with a hot iron). Only by such means could there be created what today we take for granted—individuals who will stand security for their own future, individuals with a moral con-

NEW DIRECTIONS

WALTER ABISH

In the Future Perfect. Fictions, "tremendously sure" (*Kirkus Rev.*). $10.75; NDP440, $3.95.

ERNESTO CARDENAL

Apocalypse and Other Poems. Nicaraguan Marxist poet/priest's work. $9.00; NDP441, $3.45.

COLEMAN DOWELL

Too Much Flesh and Jabez. Novel, "his most successful to date" (*Pub. Wkly.*). NDP447, $5.95.

ROBERT NICHOLS

Arrival. Bk.I *Daily Lives in Nghsi-Altai*, an imaginary utopia in Central Asia. NDP437, $1.95.

JOE ASHBY PORTER

Eelgrass. A magical goodbye to the 60s. 438, $4.95.

EDOUARD RODITI

The Delights of Turkey. "Each tale its own bright color" (*Kirkus Rev.*). $10.95; NDP445, $4.45.

Please send for complete catalog

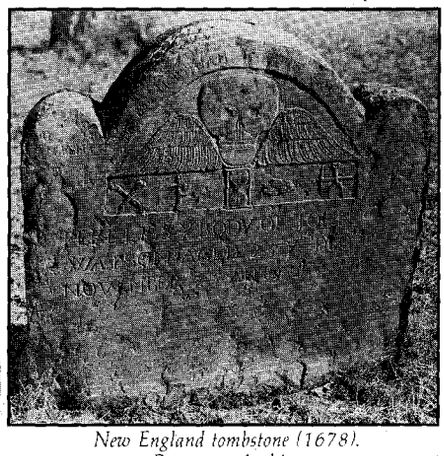
NEW DIRECTIONS 333 SIXTH AVE. N.Y. N.Y. 10014

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

science. In order for the individual to believe in himself, he had first to pay for this belief. And for the Puritans, this payment most often took the form of an "intense and unremitting" fear of death.

Today, of course, such cruelty seems pointless and tragically absurd—"anachronistic," as Stannard says. What Stannard fails to say is that such cruelty is no less present today; it is merely self, rather than socially-inflicted. The point here is not that we still carry elements of repressed "Puritanism" in us—that we still have not shed completely the guilts and fears that once obsessed the Puritans. On the contrary, it is not that the person of today is less guilt-ridden than the Puritan; it is that he is more so. It was precisely due to the absence of a highly developed sense of guilt that the Puritan community needed to inflict on its members such intense fear of death; it is the achievement of modern society that this is no longer necessary. Fear of death is now woven into the fabric of our lives, a masked and uncontrollable danger within the technology we have wedded ourselves to. It is but one measure of the pervasiveness of this fear that society's most terrifying image of death—cancer—is also a metaphor of its growth.

It is from the need to escape the



New England tombstone (1678).
Bettmann Archive

pervasive threat of death that the phenomenon of "death-denial" arises, a need which distinguishes us sharply from the Puritans; fear of death can no longer be shifted outside ourselves in a theology of damnation, nor can its impact be absorbed by a tightly-knit community. Fear of death is today internal and inescapable; it is this fact which makes the rationalistic solutions to death-denial proposed in recent years—everything from university programs in "thanatology" to organizations charging fees to sit with the dying—merely another form of 'denial.' An intense, internalized fear of death is today necessary and even natural. Yet, this fact does not necessarily doom us to a morbid preoccupation with death; as in the Christian tradition, fear of death can generate a potential for its opposite—for a more profound examination of the experience of life and a stronger affirmation of the ultimate victory of freedom and individuality. The Puritans, within a vastly different culture than our own, realized this potential not merely by the intensity with which they "lived life," as Stannard says, but by the tremendous strength of character they mustered in doing so. Such qualities, however "puritanical", are wholly admirable.

Henry McDonald

Henry McDonald is a Washington writer.

Brief Reviews

The Follies
by Daniel Mark Epstein
(Overlook Press; $6.95)

Dan Epstein's poems are voices from a penny-arcade, the stories of lost souls, waifs, strays and eccentrics. As he did in his first book, *No Vacancies in Hell*, the poet chooses to speak through these curious personae, rather than with his own voice. This is part of the attraction of his poems: they are narratives, real stories, not the exploration of an interior reality that we have come to expect from many young poets.

Both of Epstein's books are memorable. The carnival barkers, tattooists, blind fiddlers, and legless beggars come alive on the page. Their stories are told simply, in long-lined, almost prosy poems that hide their underlying tight structure. They're full of concrete detail, especially of place and appearance. The characters are apt to appear in your dreams, looking just the way Epstein describes them. Some of the poems are too long; a reader, at least this one, gets lost in the specificity of place and character, and loses the thread of the poem's purpose. This happened in the long poem "Rodempkin" featured in *Follies*, about a man who grows increasingly odd and alienated from the world as he (successfully? imaginatively?) builds a machine for visiting heaven and hell.

But the short poems in the book, with their matter-of-fact surfaces concealing enormous sympathy for the characters who speak them, are wonderful. Epstein can really capture voices, as in "Bertha," a poem spoken by a chimney sweep: *I twist up in the chimney like smoke and then up I goes with the wind/ Your honor I was brought up in that chimney/ and I'll be sworn the sides of her is clean this minute as I am.*

Lying-In:
A History of
Childbirth in America
by Richard W. Wertz
and Dorothy C. Wertz
(Free Press; $10)

This is a fascinating narrative of the changing ways of childbirth in America since colonial days, when the blessed event was followed (a few days later, assuredly) by a party for the midwife and her helpers, laid on by the successfully delivered mother. One such celebration included "Boil'd Pork, Beef, Fowls: very Good Rost Beef, Turkey Pye, Tarts" laid on for 17 helpers at the birth of a son.

The authors, both PhDs in History, explore the reasons for the relatively (compared to the small, and apparently pestilential, European towns of the time) high rate of infant survival in colonial America, then go on to look at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the changing practices of midwifery, the terrors of the forceps (remember *Tristram Shandy*), early hospital births, illustrated by a photograph of an elegant private room in Roosevelt Hospital,

Birth of Quadruplets *(c. 1400).*
Bettmann Archive

complete with oriental carpets, chintz drapery, and an étagère. The last chapter discusses the recent trend to natural childbirth, with glowing praise for its benefits for both mother and child.

They're on the right track here, it seems: this week's *People* magazine shows a glowing Ethel Kennedy holding a new grandchild, born after "22 hours of labor without even an aspirin." A long way from the "twilight sleep" of ether espoused by such luminaries as Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

A Patron of the Arts
by Julia Markus
The Tears of San Lorenzo
by Barbara Reid

(Apple-wood Press, Box 2870, Cambridge, Mass; $2.95)

Two stories of old people are brought together here: in *Patron of the Arts* an old woman determines to use her money bravely to free a granddaughter to paint, and in *The Tears of San Lorenzo* an ailing Italian attaché remembers an American woman with whom he once had an affair. Both novellas paint unsentimental portraits of their subjects. Like the Ghirlandaio engraving "Head of an Old Woman" on the volume's cover the characters are not picturesque, but peevish, irritating, dignified.

Julia Markus's story is the shorter of the two. Through about 30 pages we watch as Gert Scholtz transcends her fear of her daughter's anger and finally affirms her faith in her granddaughter's talent, deciding to bestow a real gift—freedom—upon her. Markus writes simply, with a straightforward honesty of characterization, and has a gift for realistic dialogue.

The Tears of San Lorenzo is a more complex tale. In it the retired naval attaché Umberto Macchi is seen both as the crotchety old patriarch and—through flashback—the young, gallant, slightly melancholy lover of an American who later wills him $60,000. Her bequest is the occasion for the story, bringing with it both her memory and the pressures of Macchi's children, who descend on his coastal villa from Rome to "advise" him on how to handle the money.

We see his present and past, his relations with family, servants, house, career, and much more. It's beautifully done; a walk taken by Umberto and his grandson captures exactly the bittersweet tug between embarrassment and affection for the old.

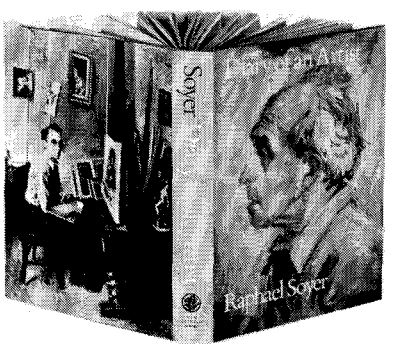
Eye Level
by Jane Shore

(Univ. of Massachusetts Press; $7, $3.50 paper)

Jane Shore's poems give the impression that she writes about everything that happens to her. This volume contains many, many poems, a number that one might expect to see in a collected works by some authors. There are good things here, poems about vision, the loss of it, its mysteries. There are poems that celebrate the trivial—and successfully—the poet seeing herself through her relationship with objects as diverse as paperweights and Advent calendars. There are poems set in Haiti and poems set in Vermont. Shore's introspection has a curiously effective objective quali-

Diary of an Artist
Raphael Soyer

"the dean of American realist painters" —JOHN CANADAY



Like the diaries of Delacroix and Gauguin, **Diary of an Artist** is the lasting statement of a great painter's life, an invaluable complement to his oeuvre. "There is in these pages a quiet and deeply appealing sincerity—a faith in art and its traditional values, and in the traditions of serious representational painting, which make me rejoice that Raphael Soyer has seen fit to give his personal diary to us." —LEON EDEL
Illustrated by 40 line drawings and half tones. 316 pages. $15.95.

New Republic Books

1220 19th Street, N.W./Washington, D.C. 20036

Please rush me _____ copies of **Diary of an Artist** at $15.95 each. Enclose check or money order with this coupon and mail to **New Republic Books**.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ty; she manages to write about such dangerous subjects as love, dealings with children, time, without lapsing into the sentimental. An editor would have been wise to limit the scope of this book so that a reader could have more time for these moments.

The Women in the Mirror
by Pat Carr

(Univ. of Iowa Press; $8.95, $4.95 paper)

When it works, it works, but a short story can also reveal unmercifully the tricks its author uses, the little structural turns that can make for suspense, or melodrama. This volume, a collection of 20 stories, was chosen by Leonard Michaels from 280 entries to the 1977 Iowa School of Letters Award for Short Fiction. One can see why: the author writes well, is compassionate, skillful. There are some fine moments here, like the story called "Mermaids Singing" in which a wife finally decides, after sitting back too long, to leave her husband. The title—echoing Donne and Eliot—is used as a reference, a touchstone, throughout the story. It's a big risk to take, but the effect is felicitous—not overstated, not overused, the tag from the poems functions well. Other stories in the volume are not as successful—some endings are too cutely ironic, some characters operate without apparent motivation, and sometimes the language relies too heavily on the figurative: "hot branches hung like lank hair over the street." Still, this is a good and promising book. There is a real talent at work here.

Catherine O'Neill

The Back of the Book

It's the Thought

On the first day of Christmas my true love gave to me a pair of cloisonné panda bears each eating a brass bamboo stick. I ordered them from the Horchow Collection catalogue, she said. How much? I asked.

On the second day of Christmas my true love gave to me "Le Yacht à Deauville," a water color by Dufy, framed. Plus a 24-carat gold plated hard hat—both from Neiman-Marcus. How much? I asked. Only $175, she said. For the Dufy? No, the hat. How much for the Dufy?

On the third day of Christmas my true love gave me "a seven day expedition for five people into the heart of Lincoln land." What does this mean? I asked. It's an idea from Neiman-Marcus, she told me: starting out in Springfield, Illinois, we and our "party" will be met by an Honor Guard of the Illinois Fifth Cavalry and by "the noted actor and Lincoln scholar, Richard Blake." Then it's on to meet Governor Thompson and tour his office, where he will present us with "a copper replica of a registered deed to one square inch of land on Lincoln's Forgotten Farm." After that Mr. and Mrs. Blake will dress up as President and Mrs. Lincoln, and we'll all go camp out on the Forgotten Farm.

If the farm is forgotten, I butted in, how do they know. . .

Finally, we'll be honored with a banquet, spend a night in a Civil War tent, hear speeches recited by Mr. Blake; and a red oak tree will be planted at the farm with a metal plaque bearing our name. All this, she smiled, for $30,000. What? Plus two more bears and another Dufy. How much did you say?

Let me read you about the urban windmills, my true love said, directing the men who were setting up two sixty-foot steel windmills on the sidewalk: "An urban windmill for her, and one for him, means that each can enjoy today's electrical appliances and gadgets without overtaxing public power supplies." They're also "non-polluting, noiseless (when properly maintained) and environmentally safe," she added.

But what do they do? I asked.

The "her windmill" generates "more than enough wattage to brew her morning coffee." It will also "Benedict an egg, heat her hair rollers, soothe her psyche with stereo, and give her bronze beauty while she relaxes under the sunlamp." Want to hear about "his"? No.

On the fourth day of Christmas my true love showed a movie.

What's this? I asked. *Superman*, she said. I ordered it from the Sakowitz catalogue. For $250,000 we'll be able to see *Superman* "the day before the actual world premiere." And we can lease it for five whole years. We get "everything but the theater and popcorn."

Did you say $250,000?

Plus, said my true love: a *Der Rosenkavalier* jigsaw puzzle from the Metropolitan Opera catalogue; a cuisinart machine from Saks; an electric cappucino set from Kaleidoscope; "Boris," a chess-playing computer, to go with a Waterford crystal chess set from Altman's; a Tutankhamen silk scarf from I. Magnin; and again from Saks twin cookie jars with reproductions of Botticelli's *Venus* and Rubens's *Adam*. Can't resist—get it? asked my true love.

On the fifth day of Christmas it was getting crowded in the house, so I stepped outside in time to see my true love descending in a flying saucer (from Sakowitz). This is the two-passenger Discojet I, she said—$687,500. The six-passenger Discojet II costs $1,125,000.

You ordered this from a catalogue, my sweet?

Yes, she replied. It's easy. This, and: a Scorpion 133 helicopter kit ($13,500) for the sixth day of Christmas; an Aston Martin Lagonda ($75,000) with "the most intricate instrument panel system this side of a James Bond movie" for the seventh; and a hot air balloon with its wicker basket lined in "Russian sable, of course" ($95,200). That's for the eighth day, said my true love.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the ninth day of Christmas an opera tenor named Giuseppe di Stefano came to the door to deliver a gift of Dimensione Uomo Natural Spray Cologne and After Shave. He sang a song and then asked for $10,000, c.o.d. For what? I asked. For the cologne, for the music, for me, he said robustly; I'm a Neiman-Marcus exclusive. He's right, my true love interjected, handing Giuseppe a check. Bellissimo, eh?

On the tenth day of Christmas my true love had the Sakowitz people install a one-eighth mile Urethane running track ($62,500) in the back yard. My true love, I said, isn't this extravagant? Nothing but the best for my true love, she said, adding a $1200 12-room furnished doll's house from Camalier and Buckley. (For the children, she said. My dear, I sighed.) Plus: an I. Magnin raccoon jacket ($2,995) for me and a teddy bear from Kaleidoscope made of lamb's fur for herself. Animals are in, she explained.

In or not, my precious, this creates a bad impression. All these gifts, when half the world is starving. (Not now, Giuseppe.) Besides, I slipped in; how are we going to pay for this stuff?

On the eleventh day of Christmas my true love gave to me one Mastercharge, two American Express, three Carte Blanche, four Diners Club. How do you like your blue-eyed baby now? she asked.

My sweet, I said. There's a philosophical issue at stake. Monarchies end in poverty, but republics end in luxury.

Drawing by Coulter

Who said so?

Montesquieu, I think. Or perhaps Will Rogers.

You're so learned, she said; then she blew a sterling silver coach's whistle from Tiffany's, and down the road came all the male and female models in the various catalogues, looking pliant and cheerful as usual, and bearing multiples of all the above gifts plus a $60 domino set from Horchow and a brass bank from Saks in the shape of a nest egg. My true love looked expectant. I get it, dear, I snapped.

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true love sat me down. Look here, true love, she said. What do you want me to do—cut off my hair? Buy you a watch fob? Everything that isn't a necessity is a luxury, so what are you sweating about? This is America, buddy. Make the most of it.

With which she trotted off and returned a moment later driving a green moving van two blocks long. It's from Sakowitz, darling: the Camelot Cruiser Sports Model. It's got paneled and stone walls inside, and foot-deep carpet. Stereo. Five phones. A 16' speedboat. Two motor bikes. Two snowmobiles. It costs $256,250, but we have to allow nine months for delivery, like a you-know-what (she blushed).

We can wait, I assured her, taking her hand. My true love, she said, taking mine.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence, *from page 7*

authors claim that an "emerging national consensus" against affirmative action and special group preferences can be discerned in the results of a selective number of polls upon which they report.

Is one to infer that the authors find polls reliable when they support their biases, and unreliable when they fail to do so?

Lewis A. Coser
State University of New York
Stony Brook

Breach of faith

To the editors:

We are long time readers of *The New Republic* and over the years have thought it the outstanding liberal magazine in the country. For some time now, we have had a growing awareness that a shift is taking place in your point of view, particularly on racial issues. The final straw is the lead editorial "Disadvantaged Groups, Individual Rights" in the October 15th issue. The sophistic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arguments against the use of quotas or reserved places in professional schools for members of minorities, could equally have been used—and were—against the passage of any civil rights legislation.

I hear among many of my friends the same sort of unhappiness about the change that has taken place in your editorials and many of the articles you carry. May I predict that unless there is a shift back to *The New Republic*'s traditional values, it will soon go the way of *The Reporter*?

Ed & Lillian Adams
Carbondale, Illinois

Obsession

To the editors:

Thank you for your November 5th *Jerusalem Diarist*, "Obsession." I, for one, do not mind the obsession. The Jews and Israel is an important topic. And it is often by focusing on one such topic in detail that important insights are gained which are more generally useful.

But I do wonder where in the *Song of Songs* you find the counsel, "If I am not for myself who will be?" I find it rather in the *Mishnah*, "Aboth" (The Fathers) 1. 14, as a saying of Hillel.

It is such a good saying that some of your readers might want to search out its source. While they would not do badly to read carefully the *Song of Songs*, they might also be disappointed not to find the saying there, and they might also miss the joys of reading the "Sayings of the Fathers."

Charles F. Caldwell
South Bend, Indiana

No free lunches

To the editors:

"A $50 Gift that Costs Nothing" (Socialist Party USA advertisement, *TNR*, Oct. 29) is an eye-catching appeal for funds, but your advertiser has misread the law on contributions. Yes, a tax-payer may choose between a credit and a deduction, but claiming a credit counts for one-half the contribution. So a $50 gift costs you $25.

At present the maximum credit can reduce one's tax obligation by $25, or $50 in the case of a joint return. It is available whether the taxpayer itemizes or simply takes the standard deduction. For taxpayers who itemize their deductions, the maximum deduction for political contributions is $100, or $200 in the case of a joint return.

A bill currently promoted by Senator Bob Packwood (R, Ore.) and Congressman Bill Frenzel (R, Minn.) would increase the tax credit to 75 percent of the contributions made, with a maximum credit of $100, or $200 in the case of a joint return.

Bill Frenzel has pointed out one advantage of the tax credit over the dollar check-off. Both procedures involve a federal subsidy, but under the tax credit the government plays no part in determining which candidates are to receive public funds; it is the citizen who decides. And I wager that the average citizen knows a $50 gift will cost something.

William A. Steiger, MC
House of Representatives
Washington, DC

TRB, *from page 2*

before sending the 14th section, which had the sting in it (though it didn't mention Pearl Harbor). They sent it next morning. General Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, didn't get the 14th section till he came in from a Sunday horseback ride at 11:30. He sent another alert then.

More curiosities occurred. A Japanese midget submarine was detected about 3:50 am off Pearl Harbor. The US minesweeper *Condor* took action. But it didn't report the incident till 6 am.

Electronic equipment picked up Japanese planes winging to attack at 7 am just as super-sensitive electronic equipment is supposed to do. The watch officer didn't do anything; it must be a flight of American B-17's.

General Marshall decided to send his Sunday alert to US commanders; contact with Hawaii had temporarily been interrupted, so he used Western Union and RCA cables. The crucial message was delayed hours in transmission. Finally a motorcycle courier started out with it in Hawaii to military headquarters. Unaccountably bombs began to fall and he jumped into a ditch.

As background to all of the above the Hawaii commanders, Admiral Kimmel and General Short, were barely on speaking terms from inter-service jealousy: the big battleships were tied up two-by-two for fear of sabotage. The airplanes were on the ground. Anti-aircraft guns were wrongly placed and there was no effective air patrol by either service. Absolute surprise. The Pacific fleet was cancelled out—eight battleships and three cruisers sunk or disabled.

Yes, I remember the day. I went to the White House and stayed—until 1 am. A crisp night, nearly freezing; trucks with early Christmas trees coming down Pennsylvania Avenue; a misty moon climbing the trees over the old bronze cannon in Lafayette Park. Cabinet meeting at 8:30; Congressional leaders at nine.

We went out to stand on the front portico of the White House—a little stone stage among the columns. One senator was Hiram Johnson. (Borah, who called it a "phony war" was dead). Johnson looked straight ahead, didn't speak to us or we to him. We were awed.

Behind the iron rails on the Avenue a little crowd looked in at us. It tried to sing the "Star Spangled Banner."

The New Republic
School & College
Directory

Colleges

REASONABLE ADVENTURERS . . . are encouraged to apply to WORLD COLLEGE WEST: small, personal, residential liberal arts college. Near San Francisco. Fifth year. Accreditation candidacy. Studies: Environment, Human Services, Communication. WORLD COLLEGE WEST, Box 3060-N., San Rafael, California 94902. (415) 456-7665.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical, non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. (212) 889-7960.

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Classifieds

Personals

WIFE DESIRED, WITH HOUSE, SOME MEANS. Retired Ohio gentleman, teetotaler, homebody. 51, 6', 200#. Interested Literature, Music, roasts, chops, love. The New Republic Box 8495.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, AWARE Manhattan Female with diversified interests, looking to meet attractive, intelligent well-preserved male 45-55. 371-5617.

WESTERN WOMAN, SLIM, 40's, bookaholic, desires secure man, humor intact, for stable, intimate relationship. The New Republic Box 8500.

DAVIS CATTON, REMEMBER O.U. good Rochester times. Let's get in touch. Mark Anderson, 824 Niles Road, Union, New Jersey 07083.

GOOD KID, 21, DESPERATE and furthermore in a pickle, desires Yale admission. Needs help (NOT financial). The New Republic Box 8505.

MARIJUANA

For a book on the personal uses of marijuana, I would like to hear from those with insights, anecdotes, or observations. William Novak, 98 Professors Row, Medford, Massachusetts 02155.

HELP GRADUATE STUDENT COUPLE devote full time to research. (She) Art History, (He) English Literature. Gil Hayes, 3192 Douglas, Memphis, Tennessee 38111.

SINGLE HIKERS discover unique hiking trails and each other. National. Write Box 422, Aptos, California 95003.

YOUNG MALE, Professional, to meet beautiful, attentive female. 212-734-5875 collect.

CHICAGO AREA PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 48, interested in travel, camping, music, books, intellectual pursuits, seeks sensitive man with similar interests. The New Republic Box 8465.

KNOW YOURSELF! Your personal full-month bio-rythm. Send birthdate and birthyear, $4.00. Freelance Research, 1457R Norwood Avenue, Clearwater, Florida 33526.

PSYCHIC PAL EXCHANGE
SHARE PARAPSYCHOLOGICAL INTERESTS

A quintessentially marvelous, personal Christmas present! No computerization involved! Hurry! Your psychic pal is waiting! Details, Instructions, Newsletter, Comprehensive Questionnaire, Matching. $10.00: Knight Services, Inc., Box 2878, Washington, D.C. 20013.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT WOMAN, 36, literary and humanistic interests, seeks compatible, stable, single man available to Louisville, Kentucky. Write New Republic Box 8485.

ATLANTA BUSINESSMAN—Tall, slender, attractive, mid-40's, bored - would like to meet fun women for fun, excitement, and satisfaction. New Republic Box 8475.

RECENT SINGLE, D.C. AREA, 43, 6'3", professional, lonely, reticent about making new friends. Seeking female companionship under 35, to expand outdoor and cultural activities, possible serious relationship. New Republic Box 8480.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

Good Causes

ERA POLL NEEDS FUNDING

Donation to non-profit organization. Contact Clifford J. Wirth, Midwest Institute for Research, 704 West Elm Street, Carbondale, Illinois 62901, (618) 457-4877.

When an AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For $20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free, (800) 545-6843.

Et Cetera

$5.00 gets this U.N. REFORM KIT: 17 papers on reforming the U.N. plus "world order" ratings of US Senate and House members. New, politically effective movement. Campaign for U.N. Reform, 600 Valley Road, Wayne, New Jersey 07470.

HOW INTELLIGENT ARE YOU? . . . . Self-scoring I.Q. Test $1.95 - Last Will, H.S. Diploma (to replace lost one) and Birth Certificate $2.05 . . . Both Offers $2.90 only . . . Guaranteed . . . IMPORTANT ITEMS, (338), 303 San Jacinto Building, Houston, Texas 77002.

BLAVOTSKIAN THEOSOPHICAL REPRINTS: Abortion, Suicide, etc. Karl Alston, 812 Woodland, San Leandro, California 94577.

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. New. Information: Dept. N.R.-21, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pennsylvania 18036.

WRITE YOUR HOME TOWN'S HISTORY! Easy instructions, sample 312 page book $10. Send MO to: Peter Schaal, Box 140, Orlando, Florida 32802.

UNUSUAL ITEMS CATALOG - Housewares, novelties, gifts, $.50. Lucas, Box 8763, St. Louis, Missouri 63102.

THOMAS PAINE WALL PLAQUE. Decorative and meaningful. Information write exclusive distributor: Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, New Jersey 07513.

PROBLEMS with raising your child ages 2 to 18 and need expert advise. You can get help from a professional in "Child Development." Send your question and $10.00 check or money order to: Dr. Graham P. Matthews, Yoke-Parent Counseling, 4-101 Monticello Drive, Athens, Ohio 45701.

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

PSYCHIC CAN BEWITCH (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding. Write requests, donations appreciated. (503) 342-2210. Jamil, P.O. Box 10154, Eugene, Oregon 97401.

REPORT. GOD, FACT OR MYTH? $5.00, Glen, 1045 Childress, St. Louis, Missouri 63139.

Of Interest to Women

THE ORIGINAL—GYM-NOTES ®! Future Nadias love our girls' gymnastics notepaper! Free sample. Strathmore, Box 4235 NRP, Madison, Wisconsin 53711.

Films

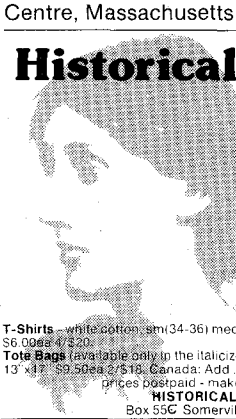
8 mm/16 mm MOVIES PLUS VIDEO TAPES. American/Foreign classics - features, cartoons, shorts. 72-page catalog $1.00. REELIMAGES Box 137 NR, Monroe, Connecticut 06468.

T-Shirts

UNIQUE GIFT - Roosevelt - Truman Campaign photo poster T-shirt, $6.95. Textrails, 402 Riley, Austin, Texas 78746.

NEW! CULTURED T-SHIRTS - Picasso, Darwin, Tolstoi, Einstein, Jung, Descartes, Dylan Thomas, Anais Nin, Henry Miller, Anne Sexton, Aaron Copland, Kafka, Rimbaud, Hesse, Bosch, Escher, Parrish, Klimt, Keynes, Ricardo, Adam Smith, Veblen, Malthus, Skinner, Reich, Perls, Bartok, Ives, Varese, Vivaldi, Mahler, Brontes, Poe, Verne, Ayn Rand, Melville, Kerouac, Wilde, Orwell, T.S. Elliot, Blake, Thoreau. $6, 2 for $11, S, M, L, XL. P.O. Box 232R Newton Centre, Massachusetts 02159.

Historical T-Shirts & Totes



Virginia Woolf, Bach, Nietzsche, Amelia Earhart, Mark Twain, George Sand, Susan B. Anthony, Proust, Emily Dickinson James Joyce, Beethoven, Wittgenstein, G.B. Shaw, Anais Nin, Plato, Marx, Mao, Mozart, Mahler, Tolkien, Colette, John Dewey, Einstein, Jung, Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, Bertrand Russell, Jane Austen, Oscar Wilde, Nijinsky, Dostoevsky, Anna Pavlova, Edgar Allan Poe.

T-Shirts - white cotton; sm(34-36) med(38-40) lg(42-44) x-lg(46-48) $6.00ea 4/$20.
Tote Bags (available only in the italicized names) natural color canvas 13"x17" $9.50ea 2/$18. Canada: Add .50 per piece ordered
prices postpaid - make checks payable to
HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS
Box 55C Somerville, Mass. 02144

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADICAL T-SHIRTS—Sacco-Vanzetti, Debs, etc. Write: T-Shirts, 801 South 22nd Street, Arlington, Virginia 22202.

DEMOCRATS' CHRISTMAS NOSTALGIA GIFT. NRA Blue Eagle T-Shirt, $6.95; Sweatshirt, $7.95. State size. Textrails, 402 Riley, Austin, Texas 78746.

Bumperstickers

GUARANTEED LOWEST PRICES! BUTTONS, T-SHIRTS, BUMPERSTICKERS, BALLOONS custom-made for your organization. CATALOG. Larry Fox, 38-N Emerson Place, Valley Stream, New York 11580 - CALL NOW! (516) 872-9522.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" $1; 6/$5. The Wry Idea, Box 22408, San Diego, California 92122.

BUMPER STICKER PRINTING DEVICE. Cheap, Simple, Portable. Free Details. Bumper, POB 22791 (NW), Tampa, Florida 33622.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Literature

FREUD - Genius or Fiend? Judge yourself, read A MAN POSSESSED, by Nat Morris. Cloth $7.95, paper $2.45 from Dealers or, REGENT HOUSE, 108 Roselake, Los Angeles, California 90026.

YOU! CHEATED! BY CAPITALISM! Inflation. Unemployment. Insecurity. Crime. All for the "sanctity" of profit system. Outrageous! We need production for use. A Socialist Republic. Why? What? How? Read THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC. Six issues for depreciating $3.00; CRISES IN CAPITALISM, 75¢. Write League for Socialist Reconstruction, P.O. Box 80-R, New York, New York 10010. Today!

SOCIAL CHANGE—before it happens—in the NEWSLETTER OF THE DEMOCRATIC LEFT, Michael Harrington, editor. Our scoops include: Sadlowski's Steelworkers insurgency; the bankers' cabal against New York; splits in the Carter Administration and the Democratic Party; Mario Soares' growing democratic socialist movement in Portugal. Subscription $5, 853 Broadway, Suite 617A, New York, New York 10003.

THE AMERICAN ATHEIST. The monthly journal of Atheist news and thought. Send $1.00 for a sample copy to American Atheist Press, P.O. Box 2117, Austin, Texas 78768.

LAST AVAILABLE BOOKS, UPTON SINCLAIR - Listing free! International Service, Box 11796TNR, Atlanta, Georgia 30355.

A VIRGIN WITH CHILD

The Man Who Knew Mary, by Dr. Don Taylor (Drake University 1976). Was this girl the reincarnation of the Virgin Mary? Was this man Joseph living again? A wondrous account of unrealized passion and the immaculate conception as a principle of androgyny. A brilliant excursion; an exciting adventure! Massive 8½ × 11 illustrated, beautiful book. $7 plus $1.35 handling. Money back guarantee. Ty Allen Press, Mitchellville, Iowa 50169.

BEYOND LIFE'S SUNSET. Significant evidences many sources. Paperback $2.95 postpaid. R. Chamberlain 2803 Parkland Drive, Suitland, Maryland 20028.

"CHINESE WOMEN CRITICIZE CHIANG CHING: The Enemy of Women's Liberation". Special issue of China Reconstructs, a monthly magazine air-mailed direct from Peking. This issue 50¢, or free with $3 yearly subscription. Send payment with order to China Books and Periodicals, Dept. NR, 2929 - 24th Street, San Francisco, California 94110. Free catalong on request.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial sub. $1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. NR, 33 West 17th St., New York, New York 10011. (Full year $17.)

Literary Services

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Free AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION. Write Dorrance & Company, Dept. BK, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

WRITERS-"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 10011.

"SHOW & SELL" CLASSIFIEDS

TNR's new special price gives you a way to display your message with greater impact for less money!

BOLD HEAD
$5 per insertion
(plus 70¢ per word)

BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$10 per insertion
(plus 70¢ per word)

INSET, BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$25 per insertion
(plus 70¢ per word)

REGULAR CLASSIFIED ADS 70¢ PER WORD

FREE TRAVEL !!!
Cruises, Tours, Flights - Europe, Caribbean - Elsewhere !! Detailed Booklet Reveal 900-N, Yuba City, California 95991.

SELL YOUR PHOTOS
Report tells how and where o markets. Learn what kind of **A. Perkins Enterprises, 93 Street, Chicago, Illinoi**

Try our special introductory "3 for 2" offer. You pay for 2 ads - we run #3 FREE!

Maine Wind Sailing Vacation
ıtury Reproductions. Utmost Dependabi erritories. 10551 Victc Washington 98125. G
Rockland, Me. 04841 Tel. 207-594-0000

210 FREE PRODUCTS: Cookbooks, diamonds, seeds. Information: $2.00. Rocking Horse Press, Box 2156, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

The New Republic
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

My ad reads: _____

I'll try for greater impact with:
- ☐ BOLD HEAD
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET (photo enclosed)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED

Advance payment enclosed _____
Please run my ad ____ times
TNR Box Number - 6 words to cover postage and handling
See frequency rates next page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out-of-Print Books

FICTION/NON-FICTION from stock or will search. Send wants + stamp: Friedman, Box 233, Tatamy, Pennsylvania 18085.

RARE AND FINE BOOKS. First editions - fiction and other categories. Catalog 4 now ready. $1, please. Do *you* have book to sell *me*? TITLES, INC., Box 342NR, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

Investments

ASSORTED ROLLS OF OLD WHEAT CENTS $1.75 each postpaid. J & S Company, Box 43NR, Woodstown, New Jersey 08098.

ARE YOU GETTING OVER 30% RETURN on your investments? If not, call IDEL for inflation-proof investments in gold, silver, or diamonds. Seminar for investments available upon request. (703) 827-0555.

Stationery

REQUEST OUR FREE IDEA-PACKED sampler showing discount priced printed business/social stationery. Jacques, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

1000 LABELS $1.50. Name, address imprinted. Plaien, Box 1062, Miami, Florida 33101.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, silks, designer handprints. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Gourmet/Cookery

CHEESE CAKE recipe. Creamy, dreamy, easy to bake. Amaze your friends and family with professional quality dessert. $1. Department NR-10, 8711 Leonard Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland 20910.

PERSONAL LABELS for your HOMEMADE goodies. Floral design, space to write your name. 2" x 3". 20/$1.50. Uncommon Market. P.O. Box A-8-80456, San Diego, California 92138.

COOKING FOR CROWDS?
Order "How We Feed 120 People: The Kinhaven Cookbook." 120 pages of hearty, country-style recipes and menus for schools, camps, clubs. $5.35 postpaid from: The Countryman Press, Taftsville, Vermont 05073.

3 UNUSUAL, ORIGINAL, PRIZE-WINNING MAIN-DISH Recipes. $2. S.A.S.E. 3694 Stoer Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44122.

VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP—Grade A—Pure, Natural, Delicious—No Additives Whatsoever—Recipes Included. Postpaid—Gallon $21.75; Half Gallon $13; Quart $7.75. (Florida, West of Mississippi add $2 Gallon, $1.50 Half Gallon, $1 Quart.) Gift Orders Filled Promptly. FROM VERMONT INC., R.D. #2, Ames Hill, Box A-7NR, West Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

EPICUREANS!
Authentic English Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding. Truly excellent. $1. B.C. Lawrence, Seven Eaglehead Terrace, Shrewsbury, Massachusetts 01545.

Health

OVERCOMING MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS. How-to book. Nutritional Approach. Diet, Recipes. $4.50. Box 12705-M, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87105.

OSTOMY
Send for Free Catalog with prices and illustrations of all ostomy equipment. Suburban Pharmacy, 214 North Main Street, Natick, Massachusetts 01760.

"WINE" YOUR WAY TO GOOD HEALTH. $1. P.O. Box 392, Bricktown, New Jersey 08723.

Games/Toys

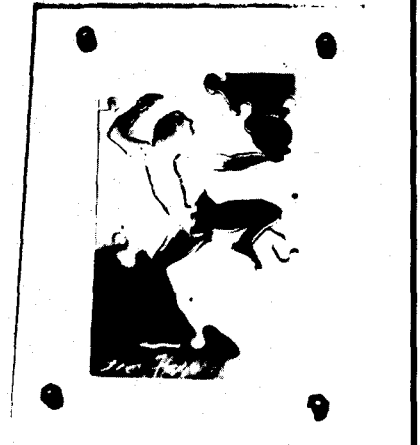
BOOKS FOR BABIES! Sturdy board and washable cloth, American and imported. Illustrated catalog, $1.00, refundable. NURSERY BOOKS, P. O. Box 2035-NRD3, Castro Valley, California 94546.

CUSTOM CROSSWORDS
Puzzles for your group, conventions, retreats, anniversaries, any occasion! Personalized terms, names, references to in-jokes, etc. Write: Custom Crosswords, Odin House, Madison, Minnesota 56256.

Arts/Crafts

ITINERANT ARTIST
Period interiors painted - stenciled. Brochure. WIGGINS BROTHERS, Hale Road, Tilton, New Hampshire 03276. (603) 286-3046.

the Copper Puzzle
Thom D. Hickam
The Craftsmen of
Chelsea Court
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.
Watergate, D. C. 20037



The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

OLD MOVIE SOUND TRACKS are now available for sale. David Silverman, 4141 North Braeswood Boulevard, Apt. 31, Houston, Texas 77025.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House, 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 E. 78th Street, New York, New York 10021. (212) 879-8870.

TRAVELMATES. Like to travel, but not alone? Share your winter vacation. Box 59B, Pleasant Unity, Pennsylvania 15676.

CARIBBEAN SEASIDE VILLA with cook/housekeeper, on warm, tranquil Grenada. $300/week. Robert Martin, 4952 Sentinel Drive, Sumner, Maryland 20016, (301) 320-3408.

PARISWALKS—Close-ups of the Left Bank. Maps, restaurants, hotels. Send $4.50 to: New Republic Books, Box P, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036 (D.C. residents add 5% sales tax.)

Property Sale/Rent

250 ACRE RANCH, surrounded on 3 sides by Ozark Mountains. Abundant water. Ideal for individual or group desiring seclusion. $515.00/acre, 1/5 down, 20 years, 8%. Pictures available. R. Hubbard, Marshall, Arkansas 72650.

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place, Mt. Vernon, New York 10553.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	70¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year	65¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	60¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	55¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	50¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Just for You, Barbara

My eight-year-old daughter and I were out walking our dog the other day when the dog saw a cat and bolted across a busy street. The dog didn't get hit by a car and was waiting when we arrived to grab her leash. We were delighted the dog hadn't been killed. My daughter, television's child as much as mine, remarked: "Plop. Plop. Fizz. Fizz. Oh, what a relief it is."

My daughter, thinking in jingles? I was appalled, of course, but I was also secretly satisfied. Part of me hates and fears television, and what could be better evidence of its malevolent effects on the youth of America? Contrary to widespread claims and parents' worries, violence and sex are not what's wrong with television. Johnny Mack Brown and Lash Larue, the old-time Saturday afternoon Western heroes, wasted their enemies with even less compunction than Baretta or Kojack show on the tube. There always have been more cheap sexual thrills available to even the semi-literate in *True Confessions*—never mind *Penthouse* and *Hustler*—than will ever get past the FCC. Television's real crime is not that it incites passion, but that it purveys pablum, intellectual paste and emotional puree. Can anyone hooked on the Fonz or Charlie's Angels possibly weep for Othello and Desdemona? If you get used to thinking that Farrah Fawcett-Majors is a star, what taste do you have left with which to appreciate Bette Davis?

Some people think that by keeping their television channel-changers riveted to the Public Broadcast System, they can escape having their family's brains turned to slush. Maybe that is so, but I find myself put off by PBS. If commercial television aims for the lowest common denominator, PBS seems to shoot for We Happy Few. Snooty is what it is—elitist, and faintly un-American. Judging from PBS, you would think that England had won the American Revolution. *Upstairs Downstairs* was nothing but a soap opera. It bored the Brits, in fact, when it appeared on the BBC. But, served up over here with an Imported label and introduced in Queen's English, it was eaten up as important historical sociology. PBS is financed by the American public (except for "grants" from corporations) and ought to be out finding documentarists and dramatists all across the United States. But what doesn't come to public television from London usually originates in New York or Los Angeles.

I haven't the slightest doubt that television—maybe with some help from teachers colleges and teachers unions—is responsible for the steady decline in college entrance examination scores. With some help from postal rates, television killed off *Life* and *Look*, mass-circulation magazines that frequently found room for some words. TV has virtually driven afternoon newspapers into extinction. On the other hand, *People* magazine (as well as the *New York Times*'s imitation *Us*) was created in TV's image—mindless, bite-sized, slick and easy. Now, many newspapers in America have taken to competing with *People* or with yuk-it-up local news shows. One respectable paper I know of actually devoted two-thirds of its front page to the marital breakup of Cher and Greg Allman. The consultants who gave us Eyewitness/Action/On The Scene/Scene Tonight news programming in cities across America ("Upcoming: SALT in 30 seconds") are now being hired to design newspaper layouts. Television, if it could, probably would eliminate every vestige of the printed word except the weekly TV schedule.

I hear you shouting "sour grapes" and I suspect you assume I am a member of the print media who is jealous of the power, prestige and pervasiveness of television. You bet I am. On the basest level, why should even local anchorpersons—"news readers," they are called in other countries—earn incomes in six figures, double and more often triple the salaries of the very best newspaper reporters? I will not even refer to Barbara Walters's million. Am I envious when I'm walking down the street with a television colleague and watching heads turn, elbows poke, fingers point and lips whisper—not about me? I admit it. I do resent press conferences becoming "news conferences." I also resent reporters or writers becoming "representatives of the print media." I hate the word "media," and it's television's fault.

I may be prejudiced, but that doesn't make me wrong. The problem with television is that it takes over everything. It has taken over sports and politics, and look what's happened. TV doesn't dare to expose dirty play in football because it would hurt the cushy alliance that exists between the game and the networks. In politics, any party with fundamental issues to debate had better skip them at the national convention, lest it look bad on prime time and lose the election. Smooth is what TV wants in events and people. TV has practically banned old, fat and ugly people from the top ranks of American politics. After Congress admits TV to its chambers, we will probably never see the likes of Tip O'Neill or Jennings Randolph again.

TV's most recent captive, of course, is diplomacy. Walter Cronkite set up the Sadat-Begin meeting, displacing the Secretary of State. Television cameras followed Sadat virtually every minute of his way around Jerusalem. All that is left of the old diplomacy is the anachronistic custom of private talks. There used to be secret talks, but now the cameras are waiting outside, so they are only private. Anchormen and women accompany heads of state to and from their meetings, and demand to know, with the whole world watching, what agreements were reached today. TV creates an expectation that any problem can be settled in an hour. If Columbo can trap his quarry, why can't Chancellor button up Rhodesia?

One is inspired to ask how far television statecraft can go. In the current *New Statesman*, Alexander Cockburn suggests a show called Wide World of Diplomacy, featuring such specials as Teng Hsiao-ping before the Soviet Presidium or the Law of the Sea finals. One can envision, on the eve of World War III, Walter Cronkite and Barbara Walters scrapping with each other for exclusive split-screen coverage of Brezhnev and Carter pressing their respective buttons. "Barbara," says Brezhnev, smiling, "I do this just for you."

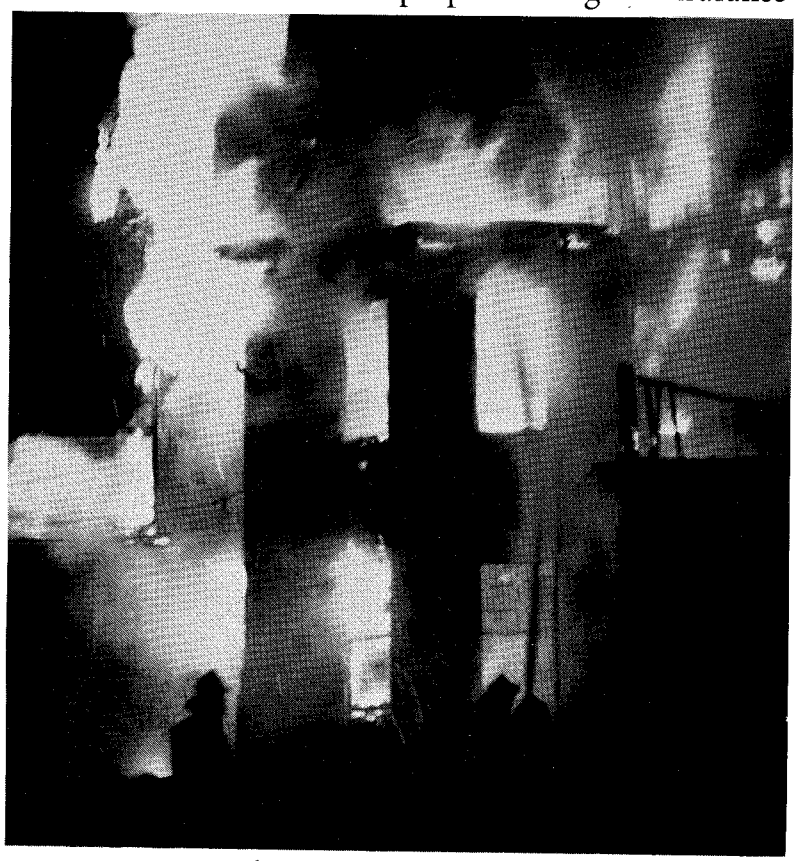
M.M.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PROFIT MOTIVE BUILT THIS BUILDING. IT ALSO BURNED IT DOWN.

Arson is our fastest growing crime. Its most significant motivation: the dollar, of course.

From people looking for insurance to bail them out from financial difficulties to arson rings that peddle their services to businessmen.



The alarming thing is that the conviction rate for these crimes is abysmally low. (They destroy the evidence along with the building, according to one arson detective.)

Recently, an aroused insurance industry took a very important step to try to improve the poor conviction rate.

It started something called the Property Insurance Loss Register. It's a computerized file which can instantly cross-check policyholders and claimants.

Without going into the mechanics, we can tell you that it will make it infinitely harder for a potential arsonist to collect on the same property from more than one insurance company, set up phony ownerships, falsify claims, or, if he's been successful at arson before, get away with it again.

It's one more effort to control insurance costs. If we're successful, you'll save the money that has been profiting the arsonists.

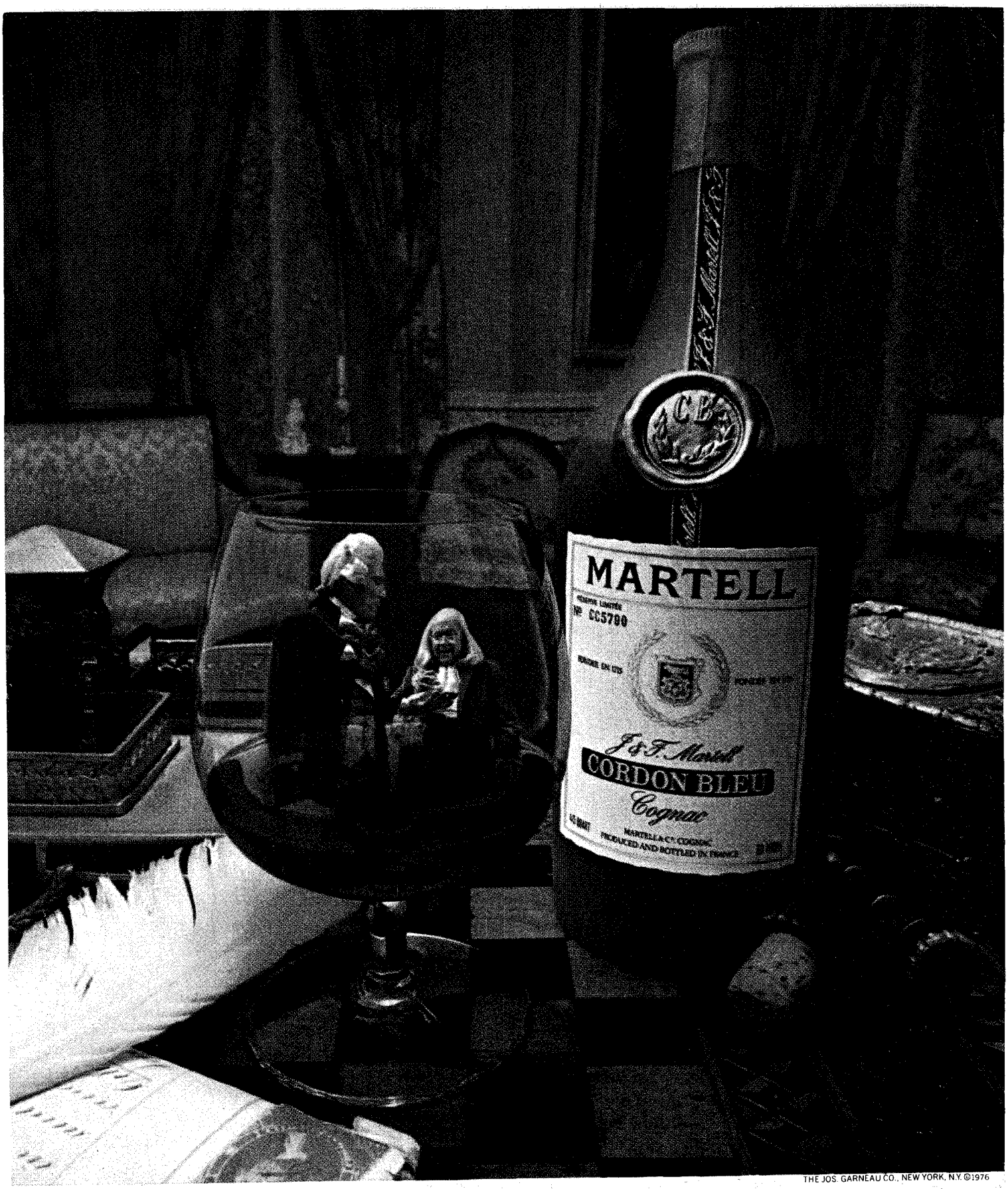
We'd like to know what you think. Just write our Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Conn. 06115. Or dial, toll-free, 800-243-0191. In Connecticut, call collect, 277-6565.

THE TRAVELERS

Raising our voice, not just our rates.

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, and Affiliated Companies, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©1976

In 1778, Louis XVI probably welcomed the new ambassador from America with a glass of Martell.

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE
DEC 6 1977

Louis XVI, King of France, awaits the arrival of Benjamin Franklin—philosopher, scholar, inventor, and now, statesman.

What better way to greet a renowned ally than with fine cognac from the House of Martell.

Even then, French royalty knew that making fine cognac, to a Martell, was a matter of honor.

It still is.

Martell. Taste history.

FONDEE EN 1715.
V.S.P.·V.S.O.P.·CORDON BLEU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED